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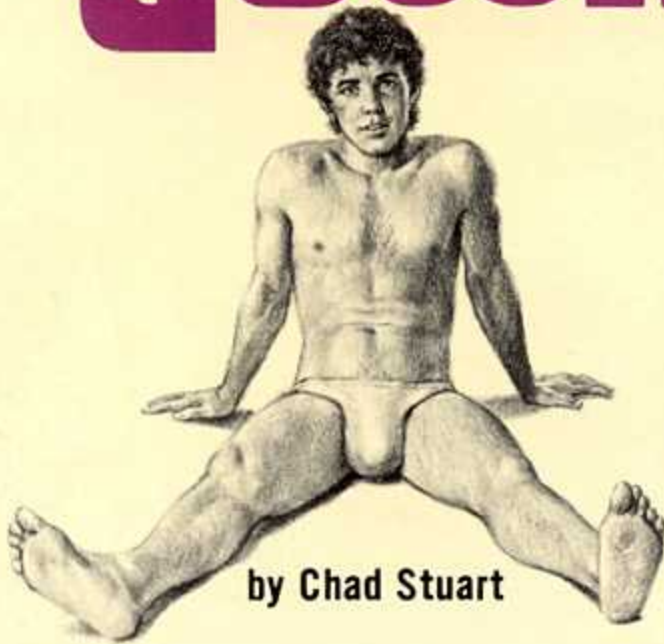
ac-106 beat the man down  
(chad stuart) 1975

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# beat the man down



by Chad Stuart

AC-106 BEAT THE MAN DOWN by Chad Stuart

## FOREWORD

In our amorphous society, emotional stability is not only hard to achieve, it is also difficult to maintain. Nowhere is this truer than in the fad-mad,

glitter world of rock music. Stars come and go, their popularity dictated by the fickle whim of their worshiping fans.

Augustyn is a talented young musician with all the making of a rock superstar. When an ambitious manager, Roger Vars, realizes his potential and mounts a huge promotional campaign, Augustyn is euphoric, sure that he has caught the brass ring of fame and fortune. But the pressures and demands of existing in such an amoral, carnival atmosphere gradually erode Augustyn's defenses, exposing the basic instability of his character and a dangerous potential for violence. Augustyn finds his dream turned into a nightmare world of depravity and madness, leaving him shattered beyond repair.

BEAT THE MAN DOWN -- the chronicle of a man struggling to achieve the good life, to fulfill the American dream. His story is a reminder to us all of the high price of success. A lesson to our society. A reflection of our world.

The Publisher

# CHAPTER ONE

Randolph knew what to do and he did it. It was as simple as that. Paid hadn't needed to tell him. Randolph had gone through the customary presex preliminaries and, upon seeing the cock begin its initial stirrings to life, he closed his mouth about the lengthening prick.

Randolph pulled back to a kneeling position between Paul's thighs, burrowing his nose and mouth into the pubic hair clustered at Paul's groin. The cock was like a magnet pulling him to it. Randolph licked the column from the leaking tip to the bulbous balls before swallowing the prick again. The man sucked up those juices leaking from the cockhead of the heavy prick. His tongue was coated with the salty oiliness.

His tastebuds drowned in the pre-seminal juices, his mouth filling with the continual liquid deluge as he siphoned the sexual ambrosia into his throat and belly. The fingers of both hands encircled the base of the prick, pressed flat against Paul's firm belly and pushed to somehow swell the prick to more powerful dimensions. Paul shifted his hips, thrilling to Randolph's ministrations at his crotch. "I want to fuck you," Paul said, knowing that his prick had been played to a hardness capable of penetrating any protesting anal sphincters.

Randolph gave no vocal protest, but only moved to comply. He rolled to place his back against the sheets, raising his legs over his head to offer the firmness of his muscular ass.

Paul's cock was large, both in length and circumference. It was a beautiful piece of manhood, exquisitely shaped and formed, from its vein-latticed shaft to its bulbous prickhead at the top. Randolph felt this monster hard against his ass as Paul got into position over his body.

Randolph used his own hands to spread his asscheeks so that Paul could more easily see the target.

Dipping prickhead found the sphincters of his asshole and entered the anal depths in one easy slide. Randolph groaned beneath the sticking, the walls of his ass heating with the resulting friction of the cock against the inner bowel.

Paul's balls swung in their sac, hitting Randolph's ass as the fucking motions were begun. Randolph relaxed beneath the heated attack, secure in the realization that Paul would go his own route to completion. Paul was doing to Randolph's guts just what he had paid to do. Although Randolph found this particular fuck no more enjoyable than countless others he had endured in his lifetime, he had long ago learned the act of simulation.

When he was finished, Randolph was convinced that he would have a sex-satiated Paul thinking that he had had the best Goddamned fuck of his life. Randolph groaned, a false proclamation of the passions he was actually experiencing at that particular moment.

Paul was perspiring, the sweat cementing their bodies. Randolph released a series of rasping gasps as Paul's pelvis pushed tightly into Randolph's ass. The cock probed the velvety depths of his ass.

Paul was finding it increasingly hard to keep his pleasure at bay. His hips, rising and falling in a methodical pumping, kept pushing the man closer and closer to ejaculation. Each plowing of the hole by his hard prick weaved a web of enjoyment throughout Paul's body.

Randolph worked to coax Paul's balls to explosion. He consciously worked the muscles of the anal lining, using their contracting motions to squeeze and milk the stabbing cock.

Paul continued his fucking, aware that Randolph's expertise was bringing him to the brink of orgasm. Paul fought against Randolph, not wanting quite yet to be deprived of the ecstasy of the climb. He managed to succeed for only two minutes more before realizing that Randolph had won the battle he was destined to win from the beginning.

Randolph detected Paul's body tightening atop him, and knew that the man's moment had arrived. He thrust his butt over the dick, his sphincters

cumming hard around the base of Paul's cock. Randolph held tight as Paul pulled his length of hard flesh outward in preparation for one final plunge.

Paul experienced the twisting of his guts, the churnings within his belly. His body stiffened. His prick blasted into Randolph. His cock exploded, his balls aborting endless gallons of sperm into Randolph's bowels.

The two bodies; one completely lost in the throes of ecstasy, spasmed on the bed. Paul, despite himself, screamed.

After a while, Paul pulled away. His cock, which had already begun to go soft in Randolph's ass, pulled free of its containing slot. It was puffy from the friction it had endured against the ass walls. It was covered with a veneer of its own juices.

"Why don't you go take a shower it?" Paul said, too tired at the moment to go take a shower himself.

Randolph got up from the bed, looking down at his companion. He reached out a hand, his fingers gently brushing Paul's flushed cheek.

"It was good," Randolph said. "Really, it was."

Paul knew it was good, but he also doubted that it had been all that good for Randolph. However, despite his realization, he liked Randolph for having made it. It proved that Randolph was more than just the ordinary hustler who hopped into bed and performed like a machine. Roger Vars could get plenty of the machine-type sex. If Paul were going to entice that bastard using anyone, it was going to have to be someone pretty damned special.

Paul watched Randolph walk bare-assed to the bathroom and shut the door behind him. The short glimpse of Randolph's nakedness led Paul to again reflect upon his good luck in finding somebody who so nearly matched those characteristics that Roger liked in a male body: blond hair, blue eyes, compact physique, healthy cock, firm young ass, hair-covered chest, hair-downed legs and thighs. And butch. Randolph had it all on the physical side and that was something more that Roger would probably find irresistible.

Out of all the names Paul had fed into the computer, Randolph's had been the only one to drop out of the slot when the IBM

brain was asked to select the one best suited for Roger Vars. After testing the young Adonis in bed, Paul was assured of a success in his scheme.

Paul stretched languidly on the bed, and day-dreamed about how it would soon be with the backing of the Vars conglomerate behind his plans. He dozed until the bathroom door opened and Randolph came back into the room.

"You'll do nicely," Paul said, half to himself, half to Randolph. "You'll do very nicely."

Randolph didn't reply. He drug the towel between his legs, enjoying the roughness of the cloth on his cock and between his asscheeks as it sucked up the moisture still remaining there. He didn't know yet whether or not he should be pleased with Paul's statement or not. Paul hadn't gone into any specifics about what he had planned. So far, for the money he was getting, Randolph couldn't complain. Paul, after all, wasn't the type one usually got paid to fuck. Paul still had the body and the good looks to get his sex free of charge. Randolph had seen a gamut of less attractive

-- although decidedly younger -- men making a success of hustling their bodies.

"Get dressed and I'll take you for drinks," Paul said. Since he was convinced that Randolph was satisfactory, they might as well begin work that very evening. Roger Vars would, perhaps, be somewhere downtown if he weren't overseeing a recording session. Paul would take the chance of meeting him. He could, of course, call AMPAC Records and try to ferret out of Roger's secretary just where Vars would be that evening, but doing that was becoming more impossible each day. Roger Vars didn't like to be continually accosted by managers with news of their young stars. Roger Vars, with twelve top artists under his wing, didn't need any additional talent at the moment.

Randolph continued drying while Paul took his turn in the bathroom. When he returned, Paul took up a position in one of the chairs, facing Randolph, who was dressed and sitting on the bed.

"Where do we go from here?" Randolph asked.

"I want you to go to bed with somebody for me," Paul said, deciding that it would be ridiculous to be anything but candid in this regard.

Here it comes, Randolph thought. It wasn't that the situation was a new one, it was just that such circumstances usually foretold that this

"other" person was hardly a winner.

"He's neither old nor decrepit," Paul laughed, reading the thoughts running rampant behind Randolph's handsome face.

Randolph didn't reply. He had heard that line before, too. It usually meant that the guy was a real loser. He waited for Paul to go on.

One of the reasons Randolph had made it so big in his particular field was that he had long ago realized that he was capable of getting a hard-on with anyone or anything. Getting the hard-on was more than half the battle. After that was achieved, it was quite easy to imagine the most ugly old man as some handsome young stud. Besides it seemed logical that the price paid for bedding this guy whom Paul was pimping for would, pay him more than what Paul had paid. If that was the case, Randolph knew he'd do it no matter what. Paul's initial payment had more than doubled what Randolph usually got for a twenty-four-hour session.

Paul surveyed Randolph quickly, wondering if he should go ahead and spill the whole plot. It would be a lot easier to get what he wanted if Randolph were in on the whole scheme. However, Paul knew he wasn't dealing with the ordinary hustler off the streets. Randolph would be quick to realize who and what Roger Vars was. It wouldn't be smart to have Randolph foul up Paul's plans by formulating a few of his own.

"When?" Randolph asked.



"It may take some time getting it lined up," Paul said. "You see, this other individual doesn't know yet that he's going to go to bed with you."

The expression on Randolph's face didn't change.

"Will you want me at specific times?" Randolph asked. His tone was purely businesslike. Paul wondered how many times in the past this cool young man had discussed his body as if it were just one more piece of merchandise on the open market.

"I'll want you available on call, day or night, until it's completed,"

Paul said. "You'll be more than compensated for your time. As a matter of fact, if you succeed with this other gentleman there invariably will be a sizable bonus waiting for you."

"Very well," Randolph replied.

Paul thought the man might begin squabbling about price and was glad when he didn't. Any idiot would have known that Paul was talking about substantial money without pinpointing an immediate specific sum. Paul was glad he hadn't underestimated Randolph's intelligence. Paul had a tendency to be generous in such matters, and he had little doubts but that Randolph could sense that. It would have been ridiculous for Randolph to begin arguing over a price when by his silence he could almost guarantee himself a larger sum even if Paul's plans for him failed.

"Is this deal going to encompass a seduction or will you just deliver the goods?" Randolph asked.

"I'm not sure," Paul said. "We'll have to play it by ear."

Since Randolph had already dressed, Paul got up from his chair and began to put on his clothes.

"This other party is a friend of yours?" Randolph asked.

"No."

"Then I do hope you're prepared for the eventuality that he doesn't find me in the least bit attractive," Randolph said.

"He will," Paul said.

"You're sure about that?" Randolph queried. "Different people have different tastes."

"I've researched the subject well," Paul said, realizing that the more Randolph knew the better were the man's chances of snaring Roger Vars.

However, the more he knew the more dangerous it could be to Paul's plans.

Was Randolph an amateur singer? Would he use his time with Roger to promote himself or a friend rather than Paul's client? Or maybe Randolph would decide that Roger could offer him more money for a continued use of his body than Paul could. "I programmed his needs into a computer and you met the specifications..."

"That seems like an awfully lot of bother for someone who doesn't know you're doing it."

"I'm counting on you to make my investment pay."

"Who is he?" Randolph asked.

Paul took a deep breath. "Roger Vars."

"Doesn't ring a bell," Randolph said. "And from the look on your face, I would presume that it should."

Paul was indeed taken back. He had assumed that Roger Vars was known by everyone in the world. Paul had forgotten that the industry as it stood was a world all of its own. Just because Roger Vars at twenty-four had become a millionaire didn't mean that everyone knew who or what Roger Vars stood for. Paul rechecked his companion and concluded that Randolph wasn't feigning his ignorance.

"He has a record company among other things," Paul supplied. "He also has a lot of the big artists on contract."

"Oh," Randolph replied.

"The Funky Turtle," Paul ventured the name of one of Roger's groups. He mentioned them because of the group's current popularity. They had topped Billboards list for the past three weeks.

Randolph watched curiously, waiting for a further explanation. It seemed from his expression that what Paul had just muttered meant little, if absolutely nothing, to him.

"The Funky Turtle is a music group," Paul said. He was now dressed except for his shoes. He sat back down in the chair.

"Oh," Randolph answered again.

Paul was about to launch into an explanation of his plans -- now quite sure that Randolph could pull it off with great success -- when his attention was diverted by the ringing of the doorbell. He gave Randolph a look that indicated that he was expecting no one and then went to answer the door.

"My God, what are, you doing here?" Paul asked, happy and surprised to see Augustyn. It was Augustyn that this conspiracy was all about. Paul saw big things for Augustyn in the future if only he could get to Roger Vars.

"Molly got a check from her dad," Augustyn said, motioning over his shoulder toward the car which was parked in the driveway. "She thought I looked hungry. I stopped by to borrow a few bucks. I don't want her to think I'm completely busted."

Paul ushered Augustyn into the living room, watching for the young man's reaction to Randolph's presence. Randolph had moved away from the bedroom door.

Paul knew that Augustyn was aware of his manager's sexual preferences.

Paul also knew that the man didn't approve of them. Which was a shame.

Augustyn was one handsome hunk of man. With a little more meat on his bones, he could knock the world on its ass, have all those girls and boys falling in a swoon at his feet. It was the "and boys" part that really had Paul excited about Augustyn's potential. In spite of the young man's announced heterosexuality, Augustyn could turn on every gay person in the world with his looks and body. Granted his cock wasn't one of those giants, but there were ways of making adequate pricks look more imposing in those tight-fitting clothes they all wore on the stage. Besides, there was an aura about Augustyn that went beyond the face, the body, and the cock. Paul, himself, was the visible proof of the existence of that mystique. What other performer had Paul gone so far out of his way to help without even getting a piece of ass?

"Augustyn, this is Randolph. Randolph, Augustyn. Augustyn stopped by to pick up some back salary I owe him."

"Paul's a good agent," Augustyn said. "If anyone can make you big, he can."

Paul pulled out his wallet, counting off a few bills. He realized that Augustyn was assuming that Randolph was another performer. Had Augustyn suspected Randolph was a hustler, he wouldn't have been so at ease.

Augustyn didn't like homosexuals. He didn't like them because they were always after him. A lot of people imagined they were continually being propositioned by queers. It was not Augustyn's imagination. That he had decided to use Paul as his manager, what with Paul being a well-known homosexual, was one of those strange paradoxes of life. Maybe it was because Paul was one of the few who didn't try to make him. Not that Paul didn't ever want to. Christ, he would have had to have been a zombie not to want to fuck Augustyn. However, Paul saw potential for Augustyn that promised far more than a few spasmodic moments of orgasm. He saw the possibility of obtaining something through Augustyn that was far more important to him than sperm. That was hard, cold cash.

"I'm sure if I were a performer I would be the first to come knocking on Paul's door," Randolph said.

"You're not a member of a group then?" Augustyn asked.

Paul held his breath. He could tell from Augustyn's continuing easy manner, that it still hadn't registered that Randolph was Paul's trick for the evening. Augustyn was never at ease around homosexuals. Randolph was seeing an Augustyn he probably wouldn't have seen otherwise.

"No, I'm afraid not. I'll have to leave that to the more qualified people like yourself."

Augustyn blushed. Oh, yes, he could still blush.

That was part of the young man's charm -- all that evident naivete inside a face and body that were almost painfully masculine and sensuous.

"You've heard one of my demos?" Augustyn asked.

Paul could tell that Augustyn's blush had been from pleasure rather than from any evident realization that Randolph's comments could have been overtures of a pick-up. Strangely enough, Paul had known that Randolph's comments had a ring of sincerity to them. Randolph was playing it cool.

Even if he were attracted to Augustyn -- what homosexual wouldn't be? --

he never let even a hint of the more personal element creep into his flattery. But then Randolph was too much of a professional to express an interest in Augustyn on the sexual level. At this particular moment, that would have been very bad business ethics. When you were with one client, you just didn't go around trying to drum up another one. Paul came suddenly out of his reverie to give Randolph an explanation.

"He means a demonstration record," Paul said, simultaneously handing Augustyn the crisp and folded bills he had removed from his wallet.

"Oh," Randolph said. "No, I'm afraid I haven't heard one. But I certainly have hopes of doing so. Paul speaks ever so highly of your work."

"Paul is great," Augustyn smiled. The young man's face came alive with the compliments Randolph was feeding him. Not all of the flattery Augustyn

heard through the course of his days could set him beaming.

Augustyn liked to believe that he could somehow judge what was and what wasn't really sincere. Augustyn liked to think he had a computer like mechanism inside his body. It took in everything, judged it, and then either let the man blush, beam, or turn off accordingly. Paul wondered just what it was about Randolph that made his words sound so convincing.

Randolph would warrant some watching in the future. Paul had underestimated the man more than once since he had picked him out for Roger Vars.

Paul again came out of his own thoughts, this time realizing that he had missed part, of the conversation. By the questioning expression on both of his companions' faces, Paul suspected that something was apparently expected of him.

"It is all right, isn't it?" Augustyn asked. "I mean, we always have people around the studio."

Next Wednesday? Paul remembered that Augustyn was cutting another demonstration disc that Wednesday. It was a song the boy had written himself. He was a good song writer. He wrote fantastic songs. Paul was convinced that if Augustyn would ever write a love song, it would shoot to the top in no time. It was funny, however, but none of the man's lyrics ever mentioned love. Paul couldn't understand it, and Augustyn didn't even make any attempt to explain the apparent oversight.

"I'd really like to come," Randolph said.

"Why not?" Paul shrugged. He had no doubts but that Augustyn would have never extended the invitation had he known just what Randolph did for a living. To have refused the man's request at this time would have caused for some sort of explanation.

"Good," Augustyn smiled. "It's settled then."

Paul thought he detected something, and then thought he had really only imagined it. It was impossible, and yet for a quick instant Paul thought he had fathomed something in the boy's eyes. Desire? Impossible! It was stupid to imagine that Augustyn should feel anything for this blond-headed man standing beside him. Augustyn was too vehemently opposed to homosexuality to be drawn into it. Or was he? What was the old bit about a person's protesting too much?

"Paul will give you a pass," Augustyn smiled at Randolph. There was a dimple in his right cheek. Paul didn't recall its ever being there before. "Studio A-Twelve."

"I'll be there," Randolph promised.

Still Augustyn didn't make any movement to leave. Paul thought of Molly Wilson waiting out in the car. Molly was nineteen. She had fucked every rockster or potential musician she could get her hands on. She had a rich father somewhere back east who paid her to stay out west. She would take her temporary lovers to dinner in payment for their services. It was more soothing to a man's pride to accept food than actual money. Artists were funny that way. Molly had a certain class in recognizing this trait in the people she searched out as bed companions.

"Would you and Molly like to join us for a drink?" Paul asked, reminding Augustyn that he had left the girl out in the car.

"Oh, no, we couldn't," Augustyn said. "She's got a little party planned for just the two of us."

He wasn't fooling anybody. Paul could sense it. Paul could almost read the signs in Augustyn's body that broadcasted that he would have loved to leave Molly altogether and join them. Why? It certainly wasn't because of Paul. Paul held no illusions about that. Had Augustyn been interested in Paul, he would have given voice to it some way before now. Was it because of Randolph? What the hell was it about Randolph that held Augustyn in the room when a good meal and a sexy broad were just seconds away?

"Maybe we can all get together some other time," Randolph suggested.

Smart cookie, Paul thought, thanking God that Randolph had realized the scene. If Paul's suspicions about Augustyn's reluctance to leave seemed unfounded in the beginning, they quickly received credence upon seeing the expression that registered on Augustyn's face when he realized he had been dismissed. It was apparent to Paul that even another small insistence that Augustyn and Molly join them would be met with acceptance. Well, Randolph had given Paul his out, and Paul wasn't going to let it slip past unnoticed.

"Do tell Molly hello," Paul smiled.

Reluctantly, Augustyn put out his hand for Randolph's. Augustyn liked the man's exceptional good looks.

"See you Wednesday?" Augustyn asked, for confirmation. Paul wondered why it was so important that Randolph be there.

"Wednesday it is," Randolph smiled.

Augustyn nodded his good-bye. Both Paul and Randolph walked him to the door.

Molly was waiting impatiently for Augustyn in the car.

"My manager," Augustyn said, sitting down in the seat beside her.

"I know," Molly replied. She had been fucking the artists Paul managed long before Augustyn had turned up on the scene. "And who was Mr. Studly with him."

"His name is Randolph."

"You and he made quite a couple standing there in the doorway," Molly said.

Augustyn frowned. He knew what she was probably insinuating, and he didn't like it. For two cents he would have gotten out and left the jealous bitch sitting there. That wasn't quite true. He wouldn't leave because he was hungry. The meal she bought him would hold him over for quite awhile.



Some day he might be able to afford eating any time he wanted to, but that time wasn't quite yet.

"Are we ready to go, darling?" Molly asked. She was trying to be sweet, just a little repentant for the catty remark she had made about Paul's handsome friend. It had been an unwarranted thing to say, spawned by all the minutes she had been forced to stay alone in the car. She knew Augustyn wasn't queer. No one could fuck like he did and like guys.

"Yes, I'm ready," Augustyn answered. Molly could detect the control in his voice. She had upset him. Damn it! Why couldn't she learn to keep her big mouth shut?

Molly made mundane small talk on the way to the restaurant. Augustyn watched her, vaguely repulsed by the dampness forming on her forehead and in the sweaty crease of her exposed cleavage. Augustyn began wondering about the man with Paul. He had never actually found out what Randolph did do for a living.

Molly chattered and Augustyn paid no attention. Augustyn was painfully aware that he had a hard-on. He was also painfully aware that it wasn't the presence of Molly Wilson which had given it to him. He turned his full attention to Molly, giving her a smile which was anything but sincerely meant. When he got the bitch into bed, he was determined to knock the fucking shit out of her.

## CHAPTER TWO

They brought their drinks with them into the bedroom. They sat down on the edge of the king-sized bed, toasting each other silently before downing the remaining fingers of liquor. They then placed their empty glasses on the table and got down to business.

Harold took off his shirt, watching Roger Vars doing the same. Harold had been told that he would not find it hard to have sex with Roger and now, checking out the body, he suspected that he hadn't been lied to. Harold eyed Roger's well-put-together physique with a good deal of admiration.

Being paid to service something like this would be a pleasure. Harold would have been tempted to bed this one free. Of course he wasn't about to tell Roger that. You could tell just by looking at this guy's pad that he had plenty of money to spare.

"I want you naked when I am," Roger said. He was anxious to get this over and done with. Oh, the kid was okay, but for some reason Roger just couldn't get interested. It wasn't just Harold.

Was that this kid's name? Lately it had been just sex in general which Roger had found boring. Or if not sex itself, then at least the process leading up to it. The time had arrived when Roger was actually contemplating simple masturbation as a substitute for any male-male relations.

"No sooner said than done," Harold said. He was finished undressing before Roger had dropped his own pants to the floor. He went over to Roger, let his fingers stray over Roger's pectorals and across his taut belly to the indented navel. He proceeded to play with the silky strands of hair encircling the belly button, excited by the way the few hairs blossomed into greater fullness as they disappeared beneath the band of the jockey shorts.

Roger wished that these kids Wilton got for him would quit trying to be seductive. Couldn't they understand that he would have preferred it if they had just stripped down, laid on their bellies, and kept their damned mouths

shut? Either Roger was going to have to tell Wilton to make, it damned clear that all that was wanted was sex and not small talk, or he was going to have to start telling them himself. Why couldn't these kids understand that all he wanted was a hole to masturbate his cock in? He didn't want them to feign love or even love-play. Roger had a hard cock and he wanted to soften it. It was as simple as that.

Becoming more brazen, Harold let his hand glide over Roger's cotton briefs. He rubbed the material which was stretched tight by the cockhead.

"Big," Harold commented, whispering in what was evidently a tone of sheer admiration. "I'll bet that would make a mouthful for anyone, wouldn't it?"

"Why don't you try it and see?" Roger said, wondering when Harold would get down to what he was being paid to do.

Harold got down on his knees, leaning his face into Roger's cock, biting gently at it through its concealment. He sucked on the head, his spit sinking through the cotton of the jockey shorts to baste the bulbous tip.

He rubbed his cheek along the ridge of the concealed cockshaft.

Oh, Christ, get to it! Roger thought.

With one hand, Harold adjusted the monstrous shaft so that it could jut upright. Aiming upward, the cock stretched, ballooned, grew further. The soft pink head slipped beneath the elastic band at Roger's waist, the cleavage of the tip readily visible as it gave up a pearl of pre-seminal liquid. Harold slipped his hands along Roger's hips to snag the upper band of Roger's underwear.

Roger spread his legs for more support, increasing the width of his stance even more after his shorts were on the floor at his feet.

Harold could hardly believe the size of Roger's cock. He had somehow expected something less large. Now he wondered vaguely if his mouth would be able to do justice to even the cockhead, let alone the inch after inch of solid meat. He put his hands to either side of the thick prick, rolling

the tubing as if it were a piece of raw dough. The phallic obelisk loomed hard as stone upward along Roger's belly. Like a giant sculpture, it rested in Harold's massaging palms. The boy eyed it with half-closed eyes, his tongue darting out through his partially opened mouth to lick away the dryness of his lips. Again he moved his face toward the risen stalk of cockflesh.

Roger's body tensed at the contact a wave of pleasure helixing up his spine as Harold's wet lips met and kissed the tip of Roger's prick. The muscles of Roger's belly and thighs bunched through the bronze sheathing of the skin. His ass formed two compact melons of flesh as Harold's hands clutched at it.

Harold's head lowered over, the summit of the cockshaft, the massive expanse of meat stretching his jaws wide as it entered the swimming depths of his mouth.

Roger closed his eyes, rested his fingers in the lush softness of Harold's hair. His ears listened to the animalistic munchings and slurpings of Harold's feasting on the piece of cock. Roger's nerve ends, positioned within the head of the cock's corona, fed the infinite pleasures back to Roger's passion-racked brain.

"Take it all," Roger instructed, his hands exerting a steady pressure to Harold's head, "You can do it."

Harold somehow doubted it, but then miracles had been known to happen. He opened his mouth as wide as possible, relaxing his throat muscles, letting Roger's pushing impale him further and further over the sausage.

Harold opened his eyes to watch his progress. Looking cross-eyed at the throbbing hunk of blood-glutted erection he was devouring, it looked even larger. Already the head was heartily leaking salty fluids at the entrance of Harold's throat, and there seemed an infinity of inches yet to be swallowed. Harold wondered just where the rod would penetrate after it had traveled the length of the throat. The seeming impossibility of the task both he and Roger had set for him made Harold choke momentarily.

He wondered how he was even able to draw a breath. It seemed as if there was room for nothing but solid prick within the mouth, the throat, and the gullet.

Roger temporarily ceased his persistent shoving of the head over his cock until he was sure that Harold's gagging had stopped. There were times when Roger actually wished he had just a good six inches of meat instead of the ten that he had. Granted his cock would attract more corners in any backroom, but, since he never went into the backrooms -- not even into the bars that had them -- he could have made do with less inches.

That seemed especially true since he was paying someone to service him anyway.

"Take it easy," Roger instructed, again exerting pressure. "Just take it real slow."

Harold's hands slipped further around the globes of Roger's ass, his fingers slipping into the depths between the dual cheeks. A finger played teasingly at the asshole. Then as Harold's head plowed over the hard cock, his finger jabbed up Roger's butt.

Roger worked his hips back and forth, working toward his ejaculation. He wanted to have it before he went soft. And, surprisingly enough, his interest in this whole episode had about reached the point where he could care less.

Harold, meanwhile, had about decided that there was no way he was going to be able to take all of Roger Vars' cock unless it went soft, and probably not even then. Hard like the prick was, Harold felt he was destined to strangle to death on it before his nose would feel the hardness of Roger's lower belly.

Suddenly, after the thick prick had reached a certain point which Harold estimated was somewhere near his Adam's apple, the cock seemed to be easier to take. The next few inches managed to sink in so easily, as a matter of fact, that Harold actually imagined he might succeed, after all, in taking the whole cock into his mouth. He soon became even more determined to do just that.

A trickle of spit slipped from the joining of the cockshaft and the hugging lips. Harold watched the trail inching downward toward the junction of the prick and Roger's lower belly. Harold was determined suddenly to overtake the river of saliva, beat it to the bottom of the stalk. He pushed his head downward, surprised when his nose nestled in the hard flesh, his chin mashing against the sponginess of Roger's balls.

The wonderment of the success overwhelmed him. He could have actually swallowed more, had it only been available. Never, in his long experience, had Harold taken on such a formidable piece of male machinery as the one that he could even now feel inside him. That he could even accommodate it seemed utterly fantastic. The way the dick fit up his throat, it was almost comfortable. It almost seemed as if the sword of cockflesh had been especially made for his sheath. It was a wonderful realization.

Roger, too, was pleasantly surprised. Something had been achieved which he had somehow doubted would occur -- at least in this particular case.

The kid had been so reluctant to even try to swallow the whole cock that Roger had assumed he would never get around to doing so. That he had succeeded didn't make the blowjob quite as uneventful as it had originally shown all indications of becoming.

Harold rammed his finger deeper up Roger's ass, twisting it in as far as it would go. He applied firm suction to the cock with his mouth, endeavoring to siphon up even more nonexistent inches. The pressure seemed great enough to rip Roger's cock from its secure anchorage.

Roger thanked God when he finally felt his moment of release arriving. It was strange how anxious he still was to get his nuts off and get Harold out of the room. He held Harold's head firm, Roger's hip motions doing the fucking of the face more than Harold's bobbing head was contributing to the cock's masturbation. Roger felt his climax near and wasn't willing to waste it because of any sudden ineptness on his partner's part.

There was a welcomed roaring in Roger's brain. His nuts ached, as if consumed by fire. His legs became weak and threatened to give out beneath

him. Harold's finger continued to fuck Roger's butt, rubbing the prostate buried within it.

Harold sucked on the pecker, refusing to let it escape him. He kept his lips wrapped around the pole, watching it slide easily back and forth into the throat which had somehow adjusted to the hugeness of Roger's cock.

Roger finally exploded. Harold ate the deluge of exploding cum. Harold's throat resounded with the gurglings and the moanings resulting from his receiving of the beautiful repast of fuck-juice. Roger's fingers clamped tightly on Harold's skull, his hips pushing forward with a force that succeeded in losing his entire cockshaft up the warmth of Harold's mouth.

Harold's one free hand went to Roger's testicles, squeezing the rupturing balls within their prune like container. The additional pleasure and the resulting pain was too much for Roger. He pulled his cock away, refusing to feed it back into Harold's mouth even though the boy sought desperately to reclaim it. Roger had finished. He no longer desired to have Harold swinging on his cock. He found the button on the stand by the bed even while Harold was still trying in vain to get the spit-slicked pecker back between his lips.

Wilton appeared as if on cue, opening the doorway to the bedroom to find both Roger and Harold naked in front of him. He could tell at a glance that Roger was through for the evening.

"Harold?" Wilton said.

Harold finally got the idea that his session was finished. He was a little taken aback. For the price he was getting paid, he had expected to remain quite a bit longer.

"Already?"

"You'll still get your money," Roger said. He reached for his robe on the bed, draping it around his nakedness. "Get dressed and Wilton will take care of the details."

Roger left the room. Harold was curious as to his dismissal. However, to Wilton, the scene had been just a replay of several others over the past few months.

Roger went into the living room. He sat down on the couch, leaned back into the cushions and shut his eyes.

What in the hell was wrong with him? Somewhere along the line, something had happened, and he didn't know what it was. Or did he? Wasn't it just a plain simple case of boredom? Roger was bored. He was bored with work, he was bored with people, he was bored with sex. To be in such a state at his age didn't portend much for the future.

Where had the excitement gone? When he had first started out, it had been work, but had also been fun. The fact was, Roger Vars was probably too successful. He no longer needed to devote himself personally to a group to make it a success. He had twelve groups or their equivalent, if stopping to consider the single recording artists he had under contract.

All of them were successful. It seemed as if there was nothing to do but sit back and let the money come flowing into the coffers. Roger should have probably left one performer or one group exclusively to himself instead of diverting everybody off to the specialists he had hired. Of course Roger seldom had complaints about how his people were handling things. They were, after all, the best in their field. It was just that they were so Goddamned good that Roger had ceased to be much of anything except a figurehead inside his own conglomerate organization. It wasn't that his signature wasn't required on all documents and paperwork, it was just that it was very seldom he found it necessary to change the wording on any document that got as far as his desk. He had a very competent staff. Had he been eighty-four instead of twenty-four, Roger would have been far more content with the existing circumstances. But the energy that had propelled Roger Vars from a nobody to a millionaire in six years was still burning there in his guts, only it had apparently no place to go.

Wilton ushered a dressed Harold out of the bedroom. Roger, his eyes still shut, heard them but didn't acknowledge anyone's existence until Wilton



had deposited Harold in the private elevator and shot the container down toward the street level.

"Christ, what a dud!" Roger said loudly, knowing that Wilton and he were now alone in the room.

Wilton didn't answer. This, too, was a typical replay of what usually happened after one of Roger's sessions. Wilton waited patiently for the storm to abate.

"Out of all the Goddamned men in this city, you would think you could find something better than that butch-looking little bastard."

Still Wilton didn't answer. He watched as Roger left the couch and went to the bar. He also watched as Roger poured two glasses of Scotch.

"Here," Roger said, bringing Wilton one of the glasses. "You may be a rotten pimp, but you try damned hard."

"What is the problem?" Wilton asked. He had always felt more like a father to Roger than anything else. A washed-out agent when Roger had found him, Wilton now made more money as Roger's man than he had ever done by himself. Aside from that, Wilton was happy. He liked Roger. He liked being a part of the business without wondering whether he would go bankrupt tomorrow. He liked to go home at night to his wife and two snot-nosed kids. Roger had given Wilton security in his reclining years.

Wilton would never forget that.

"You tell me what's the matter," Roger said. "Here I am with everything and yet I feel like I've got a madman inside of me trying to get out."

Wilton eyed Roger. He could appreciate what he saw even if he wasn't homosexual himself. In a way Wilton wished Roger wasn't one. Roger would have made one of Wilton's daughters a great husband.

"Find something to do," Wilton said.

"Do?" Roger laughed. "Do you think the president of any company spends his days with nothing to do?"

"Don't you?" Wilton asked.

"One doesn't set up a smoothly working apparatus and then throw a wrench into the works just to get some fun out of repairing it," Roger said.

"Anyway, I don't."

Wilton shrugged, he had no answers. If he would have had the answers, he would have made the big time a long time ago. Then there would have been no gutters to fall into, no need for a Roger Vars to come along to the rescue.

"I'm going out," Roger said, getting to his feet. His robe was open, and Wilton caught a glimpse of the body Harold had just sampled. How many young male whores had Wilton brought to swing on this man's massive dick?

How many had left after only a few minutes of being closeted with the young music executive?

"Where will you be?" Wilton asked.

"Just out," Roger said vaguely. He was tired of sitting in his apartment.

He was tired of going to parties or giving them. He was tired of freaking out in someone's bedroom on blue heavens, Christmas trees, or of having someone freak out in his on DOM, wedding bells, or footballs. He was just plain tired. And it wasn't the kind of tiredness that needed sleep to disperse it.

Roger went into the bedroom and got dressed. He didn't know where he was going but, by God, he was going somewhere.

"You'll be back tonight?" Wilton asked when Roger had pushed the button to bring the elevator back up to the penthouse.

"I don't know," Roger said.

"You have a recording session tomorrow at eight," Wilton reminded him.

"The Funky Turtle are recording."

"Higgins can run that without me," Roger said. "Higgins is qualified.

He's got a list of degrees longer than my arm."

The elevator door opened, revealing the carpeted and minor-lined compartment.

"You are the company," Wilton said. "Don't ever forget that."

"I won't," Roger said. He was thankful to the old man for trying to make him feel better, but somehow platitudes weren't what Roger needed to cure his present ills.

Roger ended up at The Bullring. He didn't know why. The Bullring went back to his days before making it big. He had picked up a few bucks here during those frequent days when he had needed the cash and not been too choosy about how he made it. It was a hustlers' bar, one of the few from Roger's other years that was still going strong.

Roger's entrance caused some speculation on the part of those patrons already there. He was a new face. Roger remembered the time when he had been well known by everyone. Now the bartender eyed him as a stranger.

"Bourbon," Roger said.

"We've only got wine or beer."

"Give me something in a bottle," Roger said, wondering why he had ordered bourbon. The Bullring had never been a liquor bar. Christ, it seemed like forever since he had last been here.

Roger watched the bartender. The young man was typical for the type of bar: excellent body housed in T-shirt, tight jeans, and boots. The guy must have been in his late twenties, butch enough to take care of himself in a

fight, smoothly efficient in working behind the bar. He turned his cool blue eyes from Roger, walking to the freezer behind the counter.

Roger watched the man's bulging crotch, the firm, muscular ass that pressed through the worn denim. Roger could still recall the time the sight would have excited him. He wondered why it didn't now.

Roger took his beer with him to a back table. Most of the tables were made from old kegs and barrels. The floor was covered with booze-stained sawdust. There were posters hung on the walls. Some of them were worn announcements of past bullfights in Mexico and Spain. Others were of men possessing exceptionally rough handsomeness. They stood cockily in leather pants and motorcycle boots. One poster showed a currently popular movie star who was stripped to the waist. There was the moth-eaten head of a bull hung on a nail over the center of the bar.

There was the loud crack of ricocheting pool balls. Roger turned his attention to the activity around the pool table. Two studs were playing, one leaning on the table for a shot.

A few of the people in the room moved closer to where Roger sat. One leather-jacketed number, whose naked hairy chest showed through the opened zipper of his coat, seemed about to make a move, but must have decided against it. He passed close to Roger's table but headed for the toilet facilities located further into the shadows. Roger felt the stud's eyes on him, but he pretended that he didn't. He was getting nervous. It was strange how familiar it all seemed but, also, how different it was than he remembered.

He took a sip of his beer. The cool lip of the bottle played against his mouth. He tipped the phallic-shaped container and felt the cold flushing of the bitter beer. The taste was only slightly pleasant. He had almost forgotten the bitter simplicity of a good beer. His palate had become too used to liquor like bourbon. He took another swallow. He didn't replace the bottle on the table. He leaned back in his chair, opening his legs to put the bottom of the bottle to rest on his crotch. He felt the coolness seep through the material and penetrate to his cock and balls. In the dim lighting of the room, the bottle looked like a fat and swollen prick jutting upward from between his thighs.

He waited. He didn't know for what he was waiting, or even why he was waiting. Did he want to trick with one of these hustlers? Or did he just come back here to renew an old acquaintanceship with an atmosphere that he somehow thought he missed?

Roger was halfway through with his first beer when he realized why he hadn't yet been approached. He was being sized up. No one in the room was quite sure in just what capacity he was acting. He was really too good-looking to be there as a buyer. Yet, no hustler who hoped to score in The Bullring ever came there dressed the way Roger was.

Roger smiled to himself. He was dressed all wrong from the standpoint of this bar. Had he known before leaving his apartment that he would be sitting here, he would have found something a bit more suitable.

Somewhere in the back of one of his closets, he still had the proper accouterments for this establishment. Tie had the tapered T-shirt that molded to his well-developed chest like a second skin. He had the pair of jeans which had rubbed so often over the familiar parts of his body that they were starting to fray. That was what one wore in The Bullring, not a \$350 Brioni suit.

Roger went to the bar for another drink. The bartender eyed buy with the same coolly appraising stare. Dressed as he was, Roger knew there was little chance for action and he probably should have left. However, Roger felt even more at ease now that he realized that he had succeeded in isolating himself from the more intimate action of the bar. He took his beer back to his chair.

The hairy-chested man came back from the bathroom. He had been back there for so long that Roger somehow suspected that he was able to released more than his bladder in the darkness.

Roger was almost finished with his second beer when he saw Randolph enter the bar. Roger wasn't the only one who saw him. The movement of heads was almost audible. Randolph had come dressed for the part. Half of the people in the bar looked upon the newcomer as competition, the other half looked at him as potential sex.

Randolph wore a brown suede vest that hung open over his bare and muscular chest. The satiny tanned flesh of his pectorals was covered with a mass of light-blond hairs. His navel, showing above the waistband of his hip-hugging leather trousers, was sheathed by a curling of pubic tendrils. The softness of the leather clung to his well-shaped legs, molding sensuously to the evident outline of the cock and the balls whose dimensions were in no way concealed by the thin covering which draped them. He wore dark leather boots. Around his neck he had a gold chain: not one of the effeminate one-line chains but a thicker and more masculine interlacing. His straw-blond hair haloed a face that was strikingly handsome rather than pretty.

Randolph went to the bar for a beer. It always took his eyes a couple of minutes to adjust to the lighting of a room. He had long ago mastered the entrance which was best suited for him. He moved in slow and easy, appearing to be seeing everything but in reality seeing: nothing until he had a drink in hand.

The bartender brought Randolph a beer.

"You new in these parts?" the bartender queried. He was impressed with what he saw, and he had seen more than his share of hunky males in his lifetime. Like a good bartender, he would have liked a few answers. It would probably only be minutes before there would be a casual trailing of people to the bar to find out just what this latest stud was interested in.

"No, I'm not," Randolph answered noncommittally.

"Funny," the bartender said, "but I haven't seen you around."

"I don't make it in very often," Randolph said. During the short conversation, he had surveyed the room. He had picked out Roger Vars, surprised to find the guy a lot better-looking than his photos. Randolph had very little trouble spotting him.

Dressed in a suit, the record magnate stood out like a sore thumb. Even people out to pay for an evening of fun rarely came into The Bullring as if they had arrived straight from a well-paying job. There were other places

where one hustled a different, quality merchandise where the more formal dress was acceptable, but not in The Bullring.

"Looking for a little extra spending money?" the bartender asked. This kid would really be popular, and it wouldn't hurt any to latch on to him from the beginning. If Randolph could be directed into a few selected beds, he could make a killing for both he and any agent.

"Not tonight," Randolph answered. "I'm meeting someone."

"Come back later," the bartender suggested. "A stud like you shouldn't be finished off after just one appointment."

"Sounds good," Randolph agreed, flashing the guy a knowing smile even though he had no intentions of coming back.

Randolph took his beer and went to Roger's table. He felt the admiring stares on his body more than he could actually pinpoint their origin. His attention was solely on Roger, watching the man's eyes as they ranged from pure curiosity to actual shock upon Randolph's joining him at his table.

"Hi," Randolph smiled. His teeth were white. They looked even more white in conjunction with his tanned flesh. Roger found himself wondering what color the eyes were that went with the straw-blond hair.

"Do I know you?" Roger asked.

"No, but you're going to," Randolph replied. "You don't mind if I join you, do you?"

"I'm afraid I was just getting ready to go," Roger answered, wondering why he lied. Randolph's charms weren't wasted. Roger enjoyed having Randolph sitting across from him. There was something here that Roger had found missing in the butch boys that he had been passing through his bedroom for the past two years. Here was a definite aura of masculinity.

Not that Roger's tricks were silly little pansies. Wilton knew Roger's tastes well enough not to bring him someone effeminate. However their butchness

and the butchness of this stud was the difference between night and day.

Randolph shrugged. It would be a shame, after all these days of waiting, to just let the smug bastard slip through his fingers now. He was finding it really a bit of a bore to be on twenty-four-hour call, waiting for one of Paul spies to spot Roger out in public. Now that they had finally found him out alone, without the benefit of a shielding entourage, Randolph felt it would be a shame to have to await another opportune moment. He remembered Paul's assurances that Roger's preferences had been programmed in a computer, and it was Randolph's name which had been regurgitated in response.

"Join me for another drink," Randolph persisted. He nonchalantly scratched the bulge of his crotch, letting his fingers linger to adjust a cramped pair of balls. He eyed the object that he was being paid to seduce, knowing that this young man held the key to Paul's chances of success.

Randolph had learned that Paul was no longer wealthy. He had made it big once in the sixties with a trio of clean-cut kids that sang songs about surfing in California. He had waded a lot of money, and he had spent it.

While people like Roger Vars were at the Monterey Pop Festival running around with contracts and pen in hand, Paul had been one of the doubters who was sure that kind of music would never catch on. It did catch on, and Paul and a good many others found themselves with groups that wouldn't sell while all those artists who were, selling were already under exclusive contracts. The Roger Vars of the music world grew richer while the cash reserves of those like Paul suddenly began to dribble away. Those who had been on top tried to make their comeback, all thinking they could do it again. Paul was betting on Augustyn. Randolph didn't know anything about the ups and downs of the music world. He had gone to the studio a few times to see and watch Augustyn record, and he had told Augustyn that it was great. Augustyn believed him. Randolph liked Augustyn. He also liked Paul. He could have left right now and told Paul that there wasn't a fat chance of ever getting Roger Vars to listen to one of Augustyn's demos. Paul would believe him. Randolph had a way of making himself believed. Paul would still give him his money. Paul wasn't the type to fink out on a



deal. Randolph liked to think that he wasn't that type either -- at least where his friends were concerned.

"Come on," Randolph said, standing. "I've decided we're not going to have another drink after all."

"What do you mean, you've decided?"

"We're going back to your apartment," Randolph said. "And I'm going to fuck you."

Roger thought for sure that the whole bar had heard the comment. He glanced hurriedly around the room, thinking he saw the straining ears trying to catch more of the conversation. Despite a certain resentment, he found the situation somehow exciting.

"Says who?" Roger asked finally.

"Says me," Randolph answered.

Roger was sure everyone was listening.

"Come on," Randolph said. "You have a recording session at eight tomorrow morning. I'd hate to have you miss it."

"How thoughtful of you," Roger said facetiously, wondering how this hustler knew his schedule. He wondered if this was a singer or member of some group looking for a break. Somehow Roger doubted it.

"Come on," Randolph persisted.

"I'm staying," Roger said with a loud finality.

"You're sure?" Randolph asked.

"I'm staying," Roger repeated.

The bartender, like everyone else in the room who was listening, found himself wondering just who in the fuck each of the newcomers was.

"Then, if you'll excuse me," Randolph said. "I do have to go."

Roger watched him go. He picked up his beer and took a mouthful of the cold liquid. He swallowed it and grimaced.

Roger got up and left the table. God knew what he expected when he exited the bar and came out on the sidewalk. Did he actually expect the guy to be waiting for him outside? If he did, he was sorely disappointed. There were people, but none of them was Randolph. Christ, but Roger didn't even think to get the guy's name. That wasn't how Roger Vars would have operated a few years back. A few years ago Roger Vars wouldn't have been such a Goddamned jackass. He hadn't seen anyone like this butch number for a damned long time. And he blew it. Christ, but he really threw it all down the tube.

Roger returned to the bar. He ordered another beer and this time drank it standing while the bartender watched. Why had he been so uptight? He had acted like an indignant schoolgirl trying to protect her virginity. Had he been shocked when the young man had bluntly said they would go home and fuck? Excited, yes. Shocked? Maybe so. Shocked because it had come when he hadn't really expected it. He was out of touch. He had bought his sex for over two years. It had seemed easier that way. Sex had been an inconvenience best gotten out of the way as quickly as possible without the mating dance required in gay bars.

He finished his drink. He then asked the bartender if he knew the young man he had been with. The look he got in reply told him that the bartender knew even less about the guy than he did. It had been such a Goddamned silly question to ask. He had been the one sitting with the young man. He more than anyone in the room should have known his name.

Again Roger left the bar. Each step he took, he found himself looking at the faces that passed him. Each face proved a disappointment. He kept thinking of the blond hair, the eyes which would have probably proved blue when seen in the light, the compact and muscular body, the line of penile erection. Roger vaguely remembered having seen positioned along the man's left thigh. All of that had been Roger's, offered up like some exotic dish at a banquet. And Roger had rejected it.

He hadn't expected Randolph to really leave. He could realize that now.

It was the surprise of the man's apparently disinterested shrug and his departure which had again thrown Roger off balance. It had seemed inconceivable that he would make his exit so hurriedly. Roger had attempted to assert his dominance over the situation. Roger had always tried to dominate any situation. Only this time he hadn't succeeded. He also knew now that he had already subconsciously decided to go home with the man, only he hadn't dared let it be known immediately. Randolph had suggested fucking Roger. Roger was used to being the one doing the fucking. Roger had found Randolph gutsy to even suggest such a thing. Oh, yes, Roger had thought of sex all right, but he was going to hold out until it was the blond's body on the bottom. Randolph hadn't give Roger a chance. He had left. Randolph had made his offer and it had been rejected. He hadn't stuck around to quibble. What was unbearable to Roger now was that he knew deep in his guts that he would have probably enjoyed getting fucked for a change.

Roger turned the corner to get to where he had parked his car. He found Randolph leaning against the car's fender.

"Decide to change your mind?" Randolph grinned.

"Confident bastard, aren't you?" Roger asked. "How did you find my car?"

"How may people do you know who drive a cream-colored Maserati? Besides, there was a paid informer who followed you from your apartment here."

"Sounds like a lot of fucking bother," Roger said. Now that he had found Randolph again, he also found the same interplay of emotions within him that had caused him to lose him before. Why in the hell couldn't he just tell the bastard that he had come chasing him out of The Bullring like a dog in heat? The fucker probably knew it anyway. Randolph looked too damned confident propped up against the fender.

"Just what is it you want?" Roger asked finally. "I thought I made that perfectly clear in the bar," Randolph smiled.

"And what makes you think that I want to get fucked, especially by you?

And don't tell me a little bird told you."

"I don't need a little bird to tell me," Randolph said. "I can tell you want it just by looking at you."

"Bullshit!" Roger said. He put the car key in the door and heard the release of the lock. He had a hard-on. He had brought it with him from the bar. He felt somehow disarmed in knowing that Randolph must have seen its straining. Roger opened the car door and got in. He leaned to release the lock on the other door, expecting Randolph to open the door and get in beside him. The door remained shut.

"Bastard!" Roger mumbled under his breath. He knew what he wanted to do

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- or rather not what he wanted to do, but what he should do. He should drive the car away and leave the fucker standing there without a prayer.

As if he might play out the action, he put the key in the ignition and engaged the motor. Still Randolph didn't get in. Roger put the car in gear, released the emergency brake and drove forward. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Randolph still making no move to stop his leaving. Randolph was almost where he had been when Roger had arrived. He had only stepped back slightly to let the car pull out of the space.

Roger stopped the car and waited. Still Randolph didn't make a move.

Roger felt a sick pain in his guts. He was prepared, after all, to go only so far. What did the Mexicans call it? Machismo. Yes, it was a question of machismo if he understood the term correctly. Randolph couldn't expect Roger to give too much. Roger had already made it more than clear that he wanted him. Roger had done everything to let him know except come right out and say so. What was it that made him afraid of putting it into words? He waited. Nothing happened. He pushed the switch and lowered the window. Randolph moved.

"Trouble with your car?" Randolph asked, squatting down so that his head was eye-level with Roger.

"Get in," Roger said. "I'm in a hurry."

"Go ahead and go," Randolph said. "I guarantee you, I won't be found leaning against your front door when you get there."

"And if I drive away that will be the last you'll ever see of me," Roger said. "It's a stupid man who won't compromise just a little."

"Right," Randolph said. He got to a standing position and moved around the car to open the other door. He got in, smiling widely at Roger. "I may be many things, but. I'd hate to think myself stupid."

Roger pulled out into the line of traffic. He didn't look at the young man beside him. He knew that he had committed himself, and he wasn't really sure he hadn't lost certain amount of face.

"It is a stupid man who doesn't realize the advantages of a compromise, isn't it?" Randolph asked finally. Neither had spoken for about ten minutes. Roger was on the freeway heading toward the exit that would take them to his apartment building and penthouse.

Neither spoke for another five minutes.

"You're a bastard!" Roger said finally, still not looking at Randolph.

"I'll admit I had a certain advantage," Randolph said. "If that makes me a bastard, then I suppose I am."

They drove along the freeway, the lights reflecting through the windshield. Roger finally chanced a glance at Randolph. The young man was seated comfortably in the bucket seat. As Roger looked, Randolph turned his face toward him and smiled.

"You don't get fucked very often, do you?" Randolph grinned.

"No," Roger answered.

"You should try it more often," Randolph said. "I'll keep that in mind,"

Roger commented facetiously.

Roger could feel the baffler he was building between them. He also knew that its construction was poorly timed.

"What do you want?" Roger asked. He found the exit on the freeway, began dodging through the cars to make it. His place wasn't but minutes away.

He felt a tightening in his guts. Wilton would be surprised. Roger hadn't picked up anyone by himself in over two years. It wouldn't take Wilton but a second to look and know that this one was somehow different from any of the others.

"Haven't we been through this before?" Randolph answered.

"It's only because of your unsatisfactory answer the first time around that I'm asking now," Roger replied.

"You're telling me in a roundabout way that you don't consider yourself attractive enough to warrant being propositioned in a bar?"

"You have such a magnificent command of the English language," Roger said sarcastically.

"Must we discuss business before we've even gone to bed?" Randolph asked.

"Then there is business to discuss?"

"You did suspect as much, didn't you?" Randolph countered. "It's not so much how we found each other anyway. It's just that we did, don't you think?"

"If you had business with me, you should have contacted my secretary,"

Roger said with deceptive coolness. He pulled the car onto the circular approach to his apartment building.

"Sure I should have," Randolph grinned, "but I've discovered that it's the unorthodox method that gets the results."

Roger stopped the car in his parking space. Roger led the way to the apartment building. The elevator brought them non-stop to the penthouse.

Wilson met them at the top. He had his coat on, and a muffler thrown around his neck although the weather was hardly cool enough to warrant the wearing of one.

"I was just leaving," Wilton said. He didn't say anything about Randolph.

What was there to say, after all? He could tell at a glance that Roger had succeeded in picking up something more of a man than Harold had been.

Wilton confidentially wished that this new one had some luck with Roger.

Roger really did need something or someone to knock him out of his lethargy.

"I've decided to spend the evening in," Roger said. "Say hello to Helen and the girls."

"Will do," Wilton replied. He stepped into the vacated elevator and closed the door behind him.

"Now, shall we talk," Roger asked, going to the bar for a drink. Despite the beer he had had to drink that evening, he somehow knew he needed something stronger.

"Let's go to bed instead," Randolph said. "Your cock isn't going to go soft by having another drink or a long conversation."

"You still think I want you to fuck me?" Roger asked. He had filled two glasses with ice, but he didn't fill them with the bourbon.

"Maybe I misread you," Randolph shrugged. "If you think getting fucked is an act against your manhood, then I'll adjust. I have very few hang-ups as you'll find."

"You'd let me fuck you?" Roger asked dubiously.

"If all you do in bed is fuck, then I'll adjust," Randolph said. "It would be a shame, however, if you were so limited."

Roger crossed the distance between them. As he did so, Randolph removed his vest and threw it carelessly to a nearby chair.

"Shall we go into the bedroom or would you prefer fucking on the floor?"

Randolph asked. His fingers had undone the first few buttons of his trousers. He wasn't wearing any underwear. When he dropped his pants, his cock swung immediately into view.

So what if the young man was here with business on his mind? The point was that he was here. He wanted Roger: his cock told Roger that. And Roger's own hard prick told that he wanted Randolph. His desire made Roger even more excited. It had been a long, long time since Roger had wanted anything or anybody.

"You'd be more comfortable naked," Randolph suggested. He began undoing Roger's shirt, quickly disengaging the buttons to reveal the warm flesh beneath.

Roger released a small gasp as Randolph's fingers passed over his belly, beginning on the trousers after the shirt hung open.

"Are you always this uptight?" Randolph asked.

"You think I'm uptight?" Roger asked. He wanted Randolph. Jesus, but he wanted him. Yet, there was something that still held him in check.

Perhaps it was a fear of being disappointed. It had been so fucking long since Roger had run into anybody really interesting that he was afraid of being disillusioned at the moment of actual fucking. Roger had set standards in his mind as to how a perfect trick should look. Randolph met those qualifications. He met them almost too perfectly, as a matter of fact. Roger was convinced that it was fear of disappointment that held him back.



They were both stripped down before Randolph made any actual move. Even when he did make it, Roger missed detecting it until it was too late to counter. Just all of a sudden Roger found his own flesh pressed tightly against Randolph's hard, male body. He shivered uncontrollably, realizing that his hands had automatically wrapped around Randolph's ass, using the hold as leverage to mash the man's groin tightly into his own.

"That's better," Randolph said. "That's much better."

Randolph seemed in no great hurry. Whereas with other tricks Roger loathed the preliminaries and was anxious to get on to the actual sex, it was different now with Randolph. Roger not only didn't want the actual sex to begin, but was literally fearful of its beginning. It wasn't any longer because he felt it might be unsatisfactory. His contact with Randolph's yielding nakedness had given all indication that the fuck would be all that the perfection of the body promised. Roger's fear had been converted into the frightening realization that the pleasure might be too intense, that Randolph might come to possess a power over Roger's body that Roger wasn't desirous of allowing. Roger did not like the feeling of being out of control - - although that knowledge somehow managed to add to the excitement of what he was now feeling. Roger had no doubts but that it was Randolph who was now leading. It had been Randolph who had been leading from the beginning.

"It will be good," Randolph whispered, his breath hot against Roger's ear. His hands glided over Roger's back and butt, the hardness of his dick massaging the tremendous bulk of Roger's own erected cock.

Some things were destined from the beginnings of time. Roger somehow felt that this was one of them, knew that it had been impossible to fight the impulse from the staff. He had wanted Randolph when he had first seen him in the bar. He would have desired the feel of this flesh even if Randolph hadn't made it available to him, even if Randolph hadn't sought him out and blatantly suggested the union of their bodies.

"Yes," Roger breathed, feeling all of his previous reluctance draining from his body.

They didn't bother going into the bedroom. They merely collapsed right where they were, spreading languidly to the floor. Randolph's hands continued to roam over Roger's body. His fingers traced the line of Roger's cheekbone, running down the bridge of the nose.

In turn, Roger touched. Randolph's neck and chest. He fingered the man's nipples until they bulged taut on the mounds of the muscular pectorals.

He leaned his face over Randolph's chest, kissing the swellings, lapping at the paps with his tongue.

Randolph's cock was hard, getting harder. He could feel the deluge of blood flushing in to swell his prick even larger. His dick was so solid that it hurt him. He drug his tongue down Roger's belly.

He licked the indented navel. The smells of Roger's body drifted to Randolph's nostrils. The realization suddenly possessed him that he was enjoying himself. For one who made sex the means of his livelihood, authentic joy was a thing which occurred in bed very infrequently. It was usually necessary to feign one orgasm in order to have sperm enough left later in the evening for another trick. Sex was Randolph's business. Very few people enjoyed what they did for a living every day they were forced to do it. But occasionally one of those rare days did arrive.

Roger bent his legs at the knees so that Randolph could see the indication of the ass crease, beginning beneath his balls. The area drew Randolph like a magnet.

As if sensing Randolph's genuine desire for him and his own desire to have Randolph, Roger rolled to his belly, his legs splaying to give the man an even more delectable glimpse of what was being offered.

Randolph had a sudden irresistible urge to kiss the pucker buried within the ass valley. He wanted to wash that private region with spit. He slipped his fingers into the crevice of the butt, detecting the warmth generated by the flesh of his ass.

Roger opened his legs further, wiggling so that Randolph's finger could more easily probe his hot asshole. The temptation was too great for Randolph to resist any longer. The man removed his finger, pushed open the asscheeks with both hands, and peered at the hole. He leaned closer, running his nose along the crease, smelling the clean aroma of the male body.

Holding the buns open, Randolph rolled his tongue, pressed his lips tightly against the asshole, let his tongue dart out. It's jabbing parted the sphincters. The tongue slipped into the inner asshole. Randolph stuck his tongue out as far as he could, lubricating that hole with the spit that would pave the way for the hard inches of his prick which were due to follow. He fed saliva through the tube formed by his curling tongue, filling the tunnel with a sea of translucent wetness. When he pulled away, he was satisfied that the asshole was glossy with the results of his tonguing and sucking.

Randolph moved into position, filling his hand with spit. He wrapped his cock with the wetness, afraid that he was so excited that he would prematurely ejaculate with just the feel of his own hand upon his dick. A premonition of premature ejaculation was a new one for the man. Randolph didn't know how long it had been since his nuts had threatened to operate with a will separate from a controlling brain.

Randolph put the blunted head of his cock to the asshole. He nudged the tip of his dick forward so that it just began to penetrate. Thus enlodged, he put both hands to Roger's asscheeks and pressed them open.

As he leaned for the submersion, he watched his meat stretching the molested sphincters.

Randolph pushed harder, seeing the heartshaped head moving deeper. He continued to push, watching more of his cock disappearing into the delicious tightness of Roger's ass.

Roger jiggled his ass to accommodate the prick. The man's cock felt excitingly filling, gut-twistingly sensuous, as it moved to plug his bowels.

Whether to savor the delights of the partial insertion or in an attempt to cool his rising passions before achieving complete submersion, Randolph stopped with only half of his dick buried up the pit of Roger's ass. His pause was accompanied by deep and even breathing. He let a full minute pass before driving more of his cock up the slot.

Before he was completely ensheathed, Randolph began his pumping movements. Finally, on one inward heaving, his nuts came into contact with Roger's butt. Randolph pried the cheeks further apart, yawning them as wide as possible so that he could engulf himself completely within the brown mouth of Roger's rectum.

Roger revolved his ass, luxuriating in the feel he had almost even forgotten exited. He groaned softly. God, it had been a long time -- too fucking long.

Randolph's passions were flaming wildly. The very act of submerging his prick up the tight ass had worked his body into a state of uncontrollable excitement. His nuts were already pulled to the roots of his prick. His cock was already throbbing on the point of an orgasm. It seemed as if the few seconds of actual submersion had been enough to bring Randolph to the point of exploding.

Randolph tried to cool his passions, tried to calm them. He tried to think of something else besides the fuck. Thinking of anything else was quite impossible.

Randolph felt it coming. He also knew that there would be no stopping it.

The pleasure and the excitement spawned by Roger's mere offering had primed Randolph's body too far to successfully endure the erotic sensations of penetration. It was inevitable that his orgasm would be blasting shortly, but its inevitability did not in any way appease the man's sudden sense of loss. He was far too much the pro to let something like this happen.

Randolph's cock was buried full depth up Roger's ass. His chest molded into the man's back, his belly into his butt. He placed his lips close to Roger's ear. He shut his eyes to the blinding passions and the feeling of frustration that simultaneously engulfed him.

"I'm sorry," Randolph muttered. "I'm so fucking sorry."

It seemed impossible that after all the time and trouble spent to get the two of them together that Randolph had blown it all because of his inability to control the exploding of his nuts. What a fucking waste.

Randolph gritted his teeth in one last-ditch effort for control and then surrendered to the failure. He felt his balls erupting. He held tightly to Roger's body for support, afraid that the forces jettisoning his body would shake him free of his mount. His nuts continued to blow, his climaxing going on for what seemed an eternity. He thought it would never stop. His whole body became a part of it. The pleasure was so intense that he found it disturbing that someone with his experience should be undergoing such extremes. This, after all, was not the first time he had cum.

When he was finally done, Randolph's body was slicked with sweat. His hair was plastered to his forehead. His chest was heaving from the strain.

Not realizing that he was doing it, Randolph automatically made a move to free himself of Roger's body, to pull his prick from Roger's ass.

"Leave it in," Roger spoke, his ass muscles working at the prick, defying the penis to go soft.

Randolph heard the voice and obeyed.

"I'm sorry," Randolph voiced, knowing that the shortness of his fuck could have hardly given Roger the intense pleasure he would have liked.

"You're not copping out on me after one try, are you?" Roger asked. He couldn't explain it completely, but he actually felt closer to the man now that he knew Randolph had somehow been unable to control himself quite as much as he had wanted. So, the man wasn't quite the super stud he would have liked Roger to believe. It was good to know he was human.

It also gave Roger a strange sense of achievement knowing that he had made Randolph lose just a bit of his sexual cool.

Randolph waited for his head to clear, became aware that his cock was still hard up the ass. The blasting -- if anything -- had only made his dick harder.

"It's still hard," Randolph whispered his own surprise.

"Now fuck me until it goes soft," Roger said. "Fuck me long and easy. I guarantee you, it will be good."

And it was.

## CHAPTER THREE

Augustyn finished his fifth song. He was sweating heavily. Perspiration was bathing his face, burning his eyes. It felt like warm soup underneath his arms and between his pectorals. His lips were dry.

"He'd need new material," Roger said. Augustyn couldn't see him, couldn't see anything because of the lights focused on him. Roger and the rest sat somewhere off in the shadows.

"They're his own songs, Roger," Paul was saying. "The kid wrote them himself."

"They just don't cut for what I would have in mind for him," Roger said.

"If I took him, I'd have Carl Trine do some lyrics, maybe Eric Dwingt on the music. That is, if I took him. Have him sing that one again about the beauty of death."

"Augustyn," Paul's voice emerged from the darkness. "Give us number three once more, will you?"

Augustyn adjusted the guitar on his shoulder, tuned a couple of strings that were going flat and began to sing. For a few minutes he was lost in his own little world, oblivious to everything. Augustyn could get lost in his music as other people got lost in the throes of sex. The reality would perish, become lost in a pattern of chords, melodies, words. As soon as the song was finished, however, the young man was plunged back into the real world.

"He'll need a back-up group," Roger said before Augustyn's last note had faded.

"God, Roger, isn't he good just as he stands?"

"You want me in on this thing and he has to have a back-up group," Roger said. "You came to me because I know my business. Well, I'll tell you that if Augustyn is going to make it, it'll be with a group. He'll get main billing,

but it's got to be with a group. You don't make shit anymore with just a stool and a guitar on an empty stage."

The spotlights went out. Augustyn blinked his eyes to become accustomed to the new lighting. Roger and Paul walked toward him from their chairs.

Randolph leaned against one of the plaster pillars supporting the ceiling. Augustyn could see him, was glad that Randolph was there.

Roger and Paul stopped a couple of feet from Augustyn. Augustyn slipped off the stool, lying his guitar on it. He looked at Roger Vars. It seemed strange that so much depended on what Roger thought when he wasn't but a couple months Augustyn's senior.

"You want to make it to the big time?" Roger asked. It was apparent that he was addressing the question to Augustyn.

"Who doesn't?" Augustyn replied.

"A lot of people don't," Roger surprised Augustyn by answering. "Does that seem strange? Well, it's true. A lot of people just think they want to make it. Those who know realize that it's not going to be one easy road to the top. You've got to make all kinds of sacrifices along the way. You've got to compromise ideals. It's a stupid man who doesn't know when to compromise, isn't that so, Randolph?"

Randolph had left his place beside the plaster pillar and was sitting half-on and half-off a desk which was just on the periphery of the group.

He apparently found something amusing about Roger's words. He didn't answer verbally, but his smile was all that had to be said. Augustyn saw it as some kind of "in" joke, a personal exchange between Roger and Randolph. Augustyn didn't think he liked Roger Vars. As a matter of fact, he knew he didn't like him.

"Are you willing to compromise your ideals?" Roger asked. "Are you willing to devote all of your energy to the climb to the top?"



"Sure he is," Paul answered for him.

"It's another world up on top," Roger said, still addressing Augustyn.

"Ask Paul about the top. He was up there once. The air is thin, and you get so lightheaded that you imagine you could stay there forever. Then, when you least expect it, you're tumbling down the mountain. Someone else has sneaked to the summit and given you the mighty heave-ho. It's a long pull to the top, buster. It's damned hard to stay there once you make it.

And it's a fucking long slip back to the bottom."

"He's got what it takes," Paul said. "I feel it. You must feel it, too."

"Take off your shirt," Roger said. For a quick instant Augustyn didn't know who he was talking to. He suddenly realized that Roger was still speaking to him.

"My shirt?" Augustyn asked.

"Yes," Roger said. "If you've got under there what I think you might, it's a shame to cover it up."

"What's taking off my shirt have to do with my singing?"

"Just take it off," Roger said. "Your manager here seems to think that I know more about the business than he does, and he's been around a hell of a lot longer than you have. So, why don't you just stop asking questions and do what you're asked? If you're only asked to take off your shirt to get to the top, you'll be doing far less than some of those who had to take off other things on the way up the ladder."

There wasn't a person in the room who missed the connotation. Augustyn looked uncomfortable.

"Go on, Augustyn, take it off," Paul cajoled. The two of them were so close to crashing the big time. So Goddamned close that Paul could taste it. If it didn't happen now, Paul knew that it would never happen. That was a frightening realization. He sometimes woke up in a cold sweat in the middle

of the night after having dreamed that he was hanging over a chasm, having used up his last inch of rope. If Roger Vars didn't throw the lifeline, there was no longer any hope of going anywhere but down.

Augustyn complied finally, assuaged by the fact that Roger's tone of voice had remained entirely businesslike. There had been no apparent sexual implications involved. Augustyn knew if there had been he would have been able to spot them. He slipped off his shirt and held it awkwardly, not knowing just what he should do with it now that it was removed.

"Imagine all the panting fairies and broads when we show that to them on the stage," Roger smiled. If Roger hadn't been so involved with Randolph, he might well have found Augustyn personally attractive in more than a purely business capacity. Roger could certainly see the value of the piece of merchandise being offered him. The man exuded masculinity: a masculinity tempered with a certain naivete that would have queers and straights alike drooling in the aisles. Augustyn was the first property Roger had seen in a long time that he felt sure could be aimed at both the male and the female record-buying population. Other artists had claimed bisexuality before, but few of them could really pass the muster.

Here was someone who looked the part.

"Perform without a shirt?" Augustyn asked. He thought he had misunderstood.

"My God, it's perfect!" Paul exclaimed.

"If you're a real performer, you could perform naked," Roger said.

"I'm a singer and not a striptease artist," Augustyn said.

"There are a lot of good singers around," Roger replied. "I see some of them every Goddamned day. But in this day and age, being good isn't enough. I'm not too sure it's ever been. You've got to have a gimmick.

You've always had to have one really. I'm telling you that if you strip down to the waist, wear a pair of faded blue jeans with the top button undone, you

have a chance... just a chance... of making the big time. The whole thing boils down to just how badly you want the golden ring on the merry-go-round. You think it over and let me know. You and Paul both think it over. But don't either of you take too damned long. It's only with some misgivings that I'm even considering handling you. My company already has a full contingent. You get too many artists, and you're depleting some of the service you should be giving to each one."

Randolph gave Augustyn a wide smile before following Roger out of the room. Augustyn watched the young man go, somehow disappointed that he had left with Roger. For some strange reason, Augustyn would have liked to just have a few drinks with Randolph, just a bit of man-to-man small talk that could never be had with Paul. Paul was okay, but all Paul thought about was getting back on the top of the heap. Paul would have agreed with Roger Vars if the man had insisted that Augustyn strip completely naked and twirl his dick on the stage.

"You're in!" Paul squealed when both Randolph and Roger had gone, the studio door pulled shut behind them. "Jesus, we're in."

"I'm not going to do it, Paul," Augustyn said.

He was putting his shirt back on.

"You're not what?" Paul asked. He couldn't believe his ears. It was like finding the lifeline he had been waiting for had arrived, but not in a tangible form.

"I'm not taking off my clothes so that a thousand screaming fairies can ogle my chest and belly."

"It's a gimmick," Paul said. "Every performer has a gimmick."

"I don't need a gimmick," Augustyn said. "I'm a good singer."

"Don't be a fool! Of course you can sing. Roger Vars wouldn't touch you if you couldn't."

"Roger Vars is a homosexual!"

"And so am I," Paul said loudly. "Since when did you let that stop you from using me as a manager?"

Augustyn didn't answer. What in the hell could he say to that? Nothing.

Paul was a homosexual. Augustyn had always known it, and Paul had never made any bones about it. Augustyn hated homosexuals and yet he invariably found himself drawn to them. Why? What was more important?

Why were they drawn to him? What was the imperfection in his body that sent out signals like a moth in heat to attract every homosexual from miles around? He only wished he knew. If he could pinpoint the fault, Augustyn would have gladly had it cut out.

"Listen, Augustyn," Paul said. "I know how you feel about gay people. But you're too good looking not to be attractive to your own sex. Goddamnit, whether you like it or not, you've got a certain availability stamped all over you. It's time you started taking advantage of it."

Augustyn hit him. Paul, not expecting the blow, took it full on the jaw.

The punch literally lifted him off the floor. He felt himself fall back into the desk and then over it. It was a weird sensation. It was almost like standing apart and watching the whole thing happening to someone else.

"I'm not a faggot!" Paul heard Augustyn's voice coming to him from a long ways away. He then felt a pain in his side, realizing from within a kind of dream world that Augustyn had kicked him. There was more pain and then a sudden vision of Molly Wilson. Pretty Molly Wilson had just been released from the hospital. She had been admitted with a bruised face and two broken ribs. She had insisted she had fallen down the stairs. Paul passed out.

The blackness finally faded to grays, the grays to an opaque haze that came complete with a dark blob that moved through it. Accompanying all this

was an unmistakable feeling of dampness and a buzzing which took every bit of a minute to be distinguished as someone's voice.

"Are you all right?"

Paul recognized the voice before the face was completely focused.

"Randolph?"

"What in the hell happened?"

"Nothing?" Randolph asked, helping Paul to his feet and then to a nearby chair. "I'd certainly hate to see what you'd look like if something ever did happen."

"It was just a little accident," Paul said.

"Looks like you and Molly Wilson fell down the same flight of stairs,"

Randolph said.

Paul laughed as best he could, but soon stopped because of a sudden pain in his jaw. Randolph had apparently seen something in Augustyn's character which it had taken Paul a beating to realize.

"Don't tell Roger about this, will you?" Paul asked. Now that his head was clear, he glanced hurriedly around the room to make sure that Roger hadn't returned.

"The Funky Turtle are, having a recording session down the hall,"

Randolph said, sensing Paul's thoughts. "Roger missed their last one so thought he had better catch this one. I came back to join your celebration, but it looks as if you decided to have it without me. Some blast it must have been."

"We all have our little problems," Paul said.

"Do we all beat up women and homosexuals?" Randolph asked. There was a certain levity in the question that Paul didn't miss. He grinned, noticing that the pain in his face wasn't quite as bad as it had been.

"I would prefer that they stuck to women," Paul said. "This old homosexual isn't used to getting thrown around the room."

"What did happen?" Randolph asked.

"Augustyn should be gay," Paul said, deciding that Randolph must already know that piece of revealing information. The man had been around long enough to see that Augustyn's interest in him was a bit more than fraternal, even though Augustyn refused to admit it to himself. "I know that's a stock phrase we all use on some straights who we would like to make but get turned down by, but with Augustyn it really does apply. He's got the drives, but he refuses to admit they exist. What do you do with a person like that?"

"May I suggest staying away from them?"

"You have a sense of humor," Paul said. "I like that."

"Come on," Randolph said. "I'll take you home."

"I've got to talk to Augustyn."

"Augustyn can wait until tomorrow," Randolph said. "Let him cool down for a while. Roger doesn't expect either of you to give him an answer this evening."

"I handled it wrong," Paul said. "I was so anxious that I lost my composure. You should never lose your cool."

"Augustyn will come around," Randolph said. "He just needs a little time to put his rationalizing mechanism into gear."

"He doesn't think I want this for him, you know," Paul said. "He doesn't really think that I care about him as a person. He thinks I'm only interested in him because I need a vehicle to get me back to the top. And do you know what? I sometimes don't wonder but that he's right. It's grand up there on

the top of the mountain. Once you've been there, it's harder than hell to live anywhere else."

"You'll get there again," Randolph assured him.

"You think so?" Paul asked. He looked into Randolph's eyes. Randolph was kneeling beside the chair, still holding the damp rag he had been using to sponge Paul's forehead.

"Roger thinks so," Randolph said. "That's far more important than what I think, isn't it?"

"You find this all very silly, don't you?"

"Not any more silly than people in any other business," Randolph answered.

"Music just isn't any other business," Paul said. "I know it's hard for you to see that, having been dropped into this suddenly from the outside.

But music is something else. It's part of the body, part of the blood, part of the mind. It's full of prima donnas, full of people who can't adjust to either success or their lack of it. But those in the business wouldn't be in anything else."

Randolph stood up, tossed the wet rag over to the top of the desk. It made a loud plopping sound as it fell among the papers.

"You need to go home for a nice rest," Randolph smiled.

Paul wrapped his arms around Randolph's muscular legs, his cheek pressing tightly into the man's crotch. He held tightly for a moment without saying anything. When he did finally speak, it was in a low whisper.

"It's so lonely sometimes. I wake up some nights and just wish that there was someone there. Someone I could just hold for a minute. It's not just for the sex, don't you see? It's something else. I need someone to tell me that everything will be all right, that I just had another nightmare and it will all go away. I think Augustyn must feel that way sometimes, and so I try to understand. But Christ it's hard."

It didn't matter that Randolph's reply was uttered because the phrases had been fed him. It wouldn't make any difference that Randolph wouldn't really mean what he said. It was merely Paul's hearing that counted. The nearness of Randolph's body gave Paul at least the illusion that someone else understood.

Paul wasn't feeling sorry only for himself. He was sorry for everybody, for all those who never allowed themselves to let go for the Randolph's who would probably never understand Paul's feelings because they had successfully emptied their lives of most of their emotions, finding them somehow a hindrance to their everyday existence; for the Augustyn's that trapped all of their emotions inside them and somehow couldn't let them out.

Paul's fingers fumbled with the zipper of Randolph's pants, drawing the tab downward so that the metal jaws opened before his face. He reached his fingers in through the opening, finding the coil of warm cockflesh.

Randolph stood passively as his cock was brought out into the light. He sensed Paul's sudden need for it, and he would let him have it. It was no difficult thing to let someone swing on his dick. Many men had done it in the past for countless other reasons besides those which were now driving Paul.

"It'll be all right," Randolph said, his hands on Paul's head, his cock already preparing itself with sudden little jerks as the blood became trapped in the hidden chambers of his cock.

Randolph felt Paul's mouth engulf his hardening prick. The wet lips hugged the base of the dick, the tongue delving into the split between the prick's lips. Paul sucked the entire cockshaft, feeling it swell onward toward a full-blooded hard-on as he did so.

Randolph stood with his legs apart, watching as Paul drew his head back and forth over the thickening rod, holding the dick so that it never completely slipped free of his lips.



When the cock had gained enough of a hard-on, let his hands leave the burgeoning stalk to pull Randolph's balls free of their confinement. He fondled the heavy mass while his tongue moved back and forth over the cockshaft. His mouth curled about the prick, stroking it from every conceivable angle. His face corkscrewed over the shaft, twisting the mass within his throat. The sex meat pulsed within its oral scabbard, leaking sex juices from its vermilion mouth.

Randolph shifted his hips from side to side, helping Paul achieve a rhythm that was conducive to the most pleasure. His hands, in Paul's hair, guided the mouth in long, easy slides over the projecting mass of cockflesh.

Paul's mouth pulled up the pole, spitting out the hard prick until only the cockhead remained entrenched. His lips held tightly against the base of the massive head, resting on the scar tissue that remained as a result of an early circumcision. He spent a few seconds munching on the cock's knob before letting himself fall again over the shaft. His nose nuzzled the kinky strands of pubic hair protruding with the roots of the prick from the opened fly.

Paul's throat muscles contracted about the hard shaft as he drew his head back and forth over the swollen cock. His jaws seemed stretched to their capacity. He tasted the saltiness of those juices bubbling freely from.

Randolph's dick.

Randolph bounced his hips in rhythm to Paul's sucking. He felt Paul's fingers clutching the buns of his ass. He watched as Paul's head rose and fell over the hard cock. Each of those heavings of that head over that cock was masturbating Randolph closer and closer to an orgasm.

Paul's sucking concaved his cheeks about the prick. His tongue wrapped and unwrapped the risen rod as his mouth feasted from the cock's tip to its knotted base. Randolph's nuts had begun their climb into a wrinkling of scrotal flesh. Paul took the nuts in the fingers of one hand, fondling them as he massaged the prick with his mouth; Paul's teeth held gently to the tubing of flesh, adding to the friction already stripping the throbbing cockshaft.

Paul felt Randolph's legs tensing, felt the hands clamping harder and harder into his scalp. Paul moved his mouth faster.

Randolph began a series of small whimpers. His hips were thrusting back and forth with more force, ramming and then retrieving his prick from the mouth.

Paul's fingers clasped Randolph's asscheeks, holding tightly as the man prepared to accept the fluids the swollen nuts were preparing to offer him.

Randolph's body writhed sensuously, his pelvis mashing Paul's face as the young man moaned hoarsely. Suddenly, convulsive spasms racked his body, and Paul quickened the tempo of his plunging mouth. Randolph's ass tensed hard beneath Paul's fingers, his thigh muscles bunching to ridges of hardness. The boy's head arched backward.

Great gobs of sperm gushed forth from bulged balls to splash the corridor of Paul's throat. Randolph frantically pounded his exploding dick back and forth into Paul's mouth. He thrust and thrust his burgeoning cock, forcing it to its limits down the man's throat.

Swelling waves of fire released themselves in flashing spasms through the risen stalk of the cock. Randolph's body quivered, shook, writhed, as Paul struggled to keep the monster thoroughly locked within him.

Finally it ended. Paul gave up Randolph's saliva-slicked cockflesh, looking up the man's belly to his chest, neck and face. He carefully tucked Randolph's limping cockmeat back into the pants.

"I'll bet you meet a lot of kooks in your line of business," Paul sighed.

"They're not any more kooky than the ones you meet in yours," Randolph answered. "Come on, stud, get your ass in gear. I'll give you a ride home."

"You go ahead," Paul said, giving Randolph's legs a quick squeeze. "Roger is probably wondering where you disappeared to."

"It would probably do Mr. Vars good to be kept waiting for a couple of hours."

"You like him, don't you?"

Randolph hesitated, knowing that an answer was more than likely to be misinterpreted due to simple semantics. Randolph, knowing Paul, somehow sensed that the man was insinuating far more into the definition of friendship than Randolph could ever do.

"I wouldn't read anything more into our relationship than it is... a business arrangement."

"I would have hoped for a bit more," Paul said. "From what I've seen, you're the first person Roger has gone steady with in over two years."

"You're a romantic," Randolph chided.

"And you're too much the opposite," Paul sighed. He got to his feet, finding that he was far weaker than he thought. He momentarily took hold of the chair's back for support. He saw that Randolph hadn't missed any of it.

"You're sure you're all right?" Randolph asked. "Fine," Paul affirmed.

"You go ahead and find Roger. Keep telling him what a piece of hot property he's going to be getting with Augustyn."

"You do plan on delivering him then?"

"He'll come around," Paul assured.

Randolph went to the door, giving a small wave as he passed through it and into the hallway beyond. It was only a short distance to the studio that The Funky Turtle were using. A security guard passed Randolph through with just a brief glance. Randolph had become a fairly well-recognized personage around the studio complex as of late. It was rumored by more than just Roger's close acquaintances that the young record mogul had taken Randolph as his other half. Randolph, at first, didn't know if he liked the talk or not. Finally he indulged it because he figured it wouldn't be bad

publicity, considering his profession. Randolph was meeting a few people with money who could be good contacts after he and Roger were through. That his and Roger's relationship was due to undergo a cooling -- despite its present heat -- was something Randolph accepted as a fact. No relationship lasted forever. One merely had to utilize the few precious moments of its existence to glean what little things of value one could from it.

Roger beckoned to him from the other side of the room. The technicians were preparing for a playback. The Funky Turtle, six in all, were lounging about with paper cups of coffee. Roger looked as if he were bored with the whole affair and was again anxious for Randolph's company.

"Well?"

"He really gave poor Paul some well-placed slugs."

"You suspected as much, didn't you?" Roger asked. There was a quick blurring of music and voices from the loudspeakers. It aborted after but seconds. More adjustments were conducted on the electronic dials and knobs behind the glass shielding that separated the performers from the gamut of machinery that would eventually have their voices preserved for the screaming mass of humanity that could make or break them.

"He's done it before," Randolph said. "Not just to Paul but to others."

"You mean little Molly?" Roger laughed. The others in the room tried to find the source of his amusement. Roger ignored them.

"You knew then?"

"Everyone knows," Roger said. "This business thrives on such gossip."

"Makes Augustyn seem just a bit unstable, doesn't it?"

"For someone who was originally hired to promote Augustyn, I would have expected something just a bit more positive."

"I'm no longer being paid to promote him."

"Augustyn idolizes you, Randolph. Did you know that?" Roger smiled.

"Maybe it even goes a bit deeper."

"If Augustyn heard that, you would probably be the next body on the recording-room floor."

Roger laughed, stopped only by the announcement that the last playback was ready. Roger gave his signal for the go-ahead and everyone settled down to listen. When the recording was finished, Roger didn't seem too happy with what he had heard. He stood up, and went to a man dressed in a business suit who was apparently the executive in charge. After a few minutes of muted discussion, Roger turned to leave the room and motioned for Randolph to follow.

"They're getting slovenly," Roger said when he and Randolph were out in the hallway. "People have a tendency to think they can do no wrong when they've been breathing that rarefied air at the top. They're fools to think that. It's fools like them that make way for people like your Augustyn."

"He's hardly my Augustyn."

"Isn't he?" Roger grinned.

"Paul doubts if he even knows yet what I do for a living."

"Then you and Paul are both highly underestimating Augustyn's intelligence," Roger said. "The music world is just too small for him not to know."

"He doesn't like homosexuals."

"That's probably why he pretends he doesn't know you are one," Roger said.

"Let's talk about something else, shall we?" Randolph suggested.

"You seem a little loathe to discuss the music world's next star."

"You really think he'll be a star then?"

"I wouldn't take him on if I thought otherwise," Roger said.

"We are assuming, of course, that Paul can persuade him."

"Do you have any doubts?"

"No," Randolph answered after only a short pause.

"And neither do I," Roger smiled. "Augustyn will go off on his pout for a few hours and then rationalize that taking off his shirt in public and stuffing his crotch with buckshot really isn't too much of a sacrifice to make for fame."

They left the building, walking around it to Roger's car.

"Going anywhere special?" Randolph asked. "I thought we'd go back to my place."

"In the middle of the afternoon?"

"They can handle things here," Roger said. The car door was open. He got in, watching Randolph climb in beside him. "They've been handling things very well here for the past two years. As soon as I take personal charge of Augustyn, I'll have very few minutes for relaxation. I want to enjoy those minutes of fun while I still have them. You didn't have anything planned, did you?"

"Do you know, since I've begun running around with this particular crowd, I've had very little time for my old regulars. When I go back on the streets, I'm going to have to build up a whole new clientele."

"You play your cards right, Randolph, and when you're done with this little crowd, you won't have to worry about going back into hustling."

Randolph leaned back in the seat, shutting his eyes to the sun that poured through the window. He didn't press for an explanation to Roger's words. There was no need to. It would have taken a fool not to realize that there was money to be made by getting in on the ground floor of this operation. Of course he couldn't hope to come away with as much as Roger, Paul, or

Augustyn. But when one was talking about millions, what in the hell did it really matter whether a person made one or five?

## CHAPTER FOUR

"It's a quarter of twelve," Randolph said, checking the only piece of clothing he wore: an expensive Swiss wristwatch which had been a gift from Roger.

"We still have time for a bit more fun before we catch the star's performance..." Roger said, eyes shut, his naked body spread eagled on the bed.

Randolph walked to the bed and the body it held. He climbed onto the covers, his thighs straddling Roger's. He lowered his face to Roger's neck, butterfly-kissing down the man's flesh. He located one of the nipples on the muscular pectorals with his teeth, biting the taut bud until it was high in erection. That objective achieved, he substituted his tongue for his teeth, lapping at the swollen pap. He then licked downward, leaving the chest in favor of the muscled belly. He pushed his tongue into the indented navel, the saliva wetting the tendrils haloing the belly button. He filled the small pit with spit, sucking it up again when the liquid overflowed the tanned rim.

Roger's penis was hard and long upon his belly. Its swelling head drooled pre-seminal slime to the flesh located but fractions of an inch below the navel. Randolph's fingers touched the rosy tip, watching the whole cockshaft jerk in response. Pre-seminal ooze clung to the cockhead like translucent threads. Randolph lifted the shaft upward. He held it horizontal to its anchorage at the belly, his mouth watering in anticipation of the taste of the hot cock. He lowered his face, letting the tip of the penis brush gently over his lips. The cock leaked wetness to his lips, trailing them with drippings. Randolph licked hungrily at the salty fluid, his resulting groan given in appreciation of the exquisite taste. The noise exiting his mouth sounded vaguely reminiscent of a large cat's purrings. Randolph pushed his lips about the domed cockhead, squeezing the warm shaft.

"Good," Roger moaned. "Oh, God, Randolph, that feels so damned good."

Randolph's head fell further over the remaining expanse of the cockshaft.



His hugging lips forced their way downward, his jaws gaping under the strain of accepting the larger circumference of the cylindrical base.

Randolph felt the head of the cock ram deeply into his throat, weeping its thick, saline tears. The whole length of the cock pulsed, throbbed wildly as Randolph's tongue lathered its staunch roots.

Randolph's mouth pulled up, fell swiftly back down. The handsome face began a series of swift rising and falling motions that were accompanied by his tongue's darting all over the thick roll of the meat. With a groan, Roger pulled the cock out of Randolph's lips, hesitating at the tip only momentarily before replunging into the warm sheath of Randolph's mouth.

"Oh," Roger moaned, thrusting his hips upward, grinding his pubic hairs into Randolph's feeding face.

Roger's leg muscles tensed in anticipation of his upcoming climax; Randolph, understanding the indication, increased the speed of his oral strokings. He felt the prick throbbing, growing thicker as it was sucked.

Roger's fingers dug into Randolph's shoulders, his hips lurching upward to jab his meat deeper up Randolph's throat.

Roger's nuts burst in hot, searing streams that almost choked Randolph as they plastered his throat. Hot sprayings of cum flooded down the cock-clogged throat to die amid the gastric juices swimming in the belly.

Randolph pulled his face away, letting his companion's prick flop back against the belly. The young man licked his lips free of the last drops of Roger's cream.

Randolph pulled away, licking his way back up Roger's belly as his hands simultaneously looked for, and found, the television's automatic controls. He pushed the button which engaged the screen of the set in the wall opposite the foot of the bed. There was a sudden crackling of warming tubes. Roger opened his eyes to see the flushed face of Randolph beside him and the close-up on the television of the late-night show host.

Randolph turned up the volume. The man on the show had apparently said something funny. The television cameras zoomed in on a blonde actress with deep cleavage who was smiling at the joke.

"That's what it says here," the host said, the camera again back on him to catch one of the many faces he made nightly.

"Does that mean we'll be listening to the beat of The Meat?" a heavy-set man who did the show's announcing asked from his chair.

Again the studio audience burst into laughter. The television program's host gave another of his faces, shrugged his shoulders and surveyed the piece of paper in front of him as if to detect some bit of information which might have previously escaped them.

"I guess so," he said finally.

"Dahling, what is so funny?" the full-breasted actress asked with a practiced innocence that sent everyone into giggles and the host into another of his faces.

"Let's give a listen to Augustyn," the host said with his innocent gaze fixed on the camera. "Augustyn and the beat of The Meat."

The screen faded for just a second. When the picture came back, it was to show Augustyn and the back-up musicians Roger had selected for him. The camera zoomed in for a close-up of Augustyn while the group played the overture of the song he was about to sing.

"He looks even better on TV," Randolph whispered.

"Yes," Roger answered, his mind racing to determine which, camera angles were the boy's best, what would have to be changed during all following performances. The make-up people had put too much make-up on the boy's eyes. Roger wanted Augustyn's appeal to be to the men as well as the women, but that did not necessitate dragging a handsome face to make it effeminate. Augustyn's image was to be butch all the way. When the camera panned back to take in the whole group, Roger's eyes were still, the

technician's. He wasn't so much interested in how good Augustyn now looked as he was in how the boy could look better in the future.

Augustyn began to sing. He didn't yet have the stage presence of a real professional, but there was an indication that he would soon learn it.

His delivery was good. The song was a good vehicle to introduce him to the television audience. It wasn't the one that Roger had wanted to use, but the show's producers had objected to the other one. The show was still considered a family show, despite its late-hour airing. One could go just so far. The song Roger had wanted had somehow gone a little beyond the accepted point. Roger had compromised.

"He looks very good," Roger admitted finally.

"Yea," Randolph said. He watched the ripple of the boy's muscles, saw the sweat flushing to sheen the bared flesh of the chest and the belly. The top button of the faded jeans, undone as Roger had insisted, allowed the beginning fan of Augustyn's pubic hair, to show. The perspiration made Augustyn's torso look like burnished bronze.

Randolph watched, strangely excited by the way Augustyn sang over the microphone, working the phallic tubing as if it were someone's cock.

"See how easily he slips into the role?" Roger smiled, evidently pleased.

After Augustyn's initial outburst and beating of Paul, he had emerged, chastised and obedient.

Augustyn finished, his song. The camera faded back to the television host who obliged by making another face.

"My dahling, he is beautiful!" the actress said loudly.

"You'll be seeing more of that Meat, I'm sure," the television host said.

"If we see much more he'll be naked," the chubby announcer said for a laugh.

"I don't know what you mean," the host laughed, searching for a package of dog food on the table behind his desk.

Roger reached for the controls in Randolph's hand and switched off the television.

The telephone rang. Roger answered it.

"There's room for improvement, Paul," Roger said. "But it's certainly an excellent beginning. What did Augustyn have to say? I see. Well, we'll talk about it in more detail tomorrow morning. I'll arrange for a copy of the video, and we can go over it with everyone there."

Roger placed the receiver back on its base, turning his attention back to Randolph.

"Is Paul happy?" Randolph asked.

"Very."

"And Augustyn?"

"Brooding," Roger smiled, "but when he realizes the success he's made, he'll soon come out of it. I've run across his kind of performer before.

As soon as the money starts coming in volume, he'll be as passive as they come."

"I wonder," Randolph said.

"He hasn't beaten up anyone else lately, has he?"

"No."

"Then why the worried look?"

"I don't know," Randolph replied. "A feeling."

"Augustyn will be all right," Roger assured him. He got out of the bed and walked across the thick rug to the desk that was placed near the fireplace. He opened the top drawer and took out an envelope which he brought back with him to Randolph.

"I was going to save this until later, but you might as well have it now."

"What is it?"

"A gift," Roger said, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

"You've already given me too much."

"Do you usually protest so much?"

"It makes people think that I'm not trying to take them," Randolph grinned.

"Don't worry about taking Roger Vars," Roger said. "Nobody takes him unless he wants to be taken."

"Can I open this now?"

"Why not?"

Randolph opened the envelope, taking out ten official-looking documents.

He whistled softly.

"You deserve them," Roger smiled. "If it hadn't been for you, there would have been no corporation formed around Augustyn."

"What did Paul and Augustyn have to say about giving me a share?"

"Nothing," Roger said. "They had no chance. I made it a condition for my taking over the promotion. I doubt they would have made much of a fuss anyway. For some strange reason, they both like you. They both know, also, that they would have never gotten to me without you."

"Paul paid me for doing that part of it," Randolph said.

"Chicken feed!" Roger said. "If Augustyn hits, Paul will be spending that much money an evening on booze."

"Many thanks," Randolph said. He knew what he had in his hand, remembering that Roger had once told him that if he played his cards right, he would be able to retire. Well, this was one hell of a good start. When Roger had taken over Augustyn's promotion, a corporation had been formed. Augustyn, Paul, and Roger were the chief stockholders. They had now given Randolph some of that stock.

"Any strings to these?" Randolph asked.

"None," Roger replied. "With or without you, I'll still hold the majority of the stock. You can do with yours whatever you damned well please."

Randolph put the stock certificates back in the envelope, placing it on the stand beside the bed. He scooted to make room for Roger on the bed.

Roger didn't immediately join him.

"I'm not giving you those or anything else because I have any illusions about our relationship," Roger said. He walked away from the bed and to the small bar set-up in one corner. "I've long passed an age of believing in love that endures forever. Perhaps I've even passed the point of believing in love. I know that it's not love that we've got now, nor will probably ever have in the future. But I do want you to know that I appreciate you for what you are and for what you've brought me. If the only way I can do that is by gifts, stocks, or money, then I expect you to take them with no qualms. You're not dealing with a gullible innocent who doesn't know the ropes. I've been around and can see everything clearly. One should always get a return on their investment. I've always gotten one off mine, and you had best get one from yours. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?"

"Yes," Randolph said, knowing that he did understand and hoping that Roger would know that it wasn't just a lie to patronize him.

"You would make it sooner or later by yourself," Roger said. He had filled two glasses with ice and Scotch. He brought them both back to the bed with

him. "I'm just letting you get your independence sooner than you might have done. When you're young, it's hell depending on others. When you're old, it's hell trying to enjoy the money you've worked too long to get."

Randolph took the glass Roger offered him.

"I like you," Roger said, sipping from his glass but still not sitting on the bed. "Notice I said like and not love. It's very easy to love someone... for a second, a minute, a day, a year. It's very hard to actually like someone."

"The feeling is mutual," Randolph replied.

Roger eyed Randolph curiously as if trying to decide whether the statement rang true. Unable to make that determination, he continued.

"It's not just the sex. That could end today or tomorrow, and it wouldn't make any difference. Oh, don't get me wrong. I would certainly miss it, but it wouldn't make my feelings for you any different."

Roger went back to the bar, refilled his glass. He turned back to Randolph.

"Oh, shit! I don't know really how to say any of this. I just hope I succeeded in getting a little of it into your thick skull."

"My skull isn't really all that thick," Randolph smiled.

A buzzer sounded. Roger looked at Randolph and frowned.

"Late-night visitor?" Randolph asked.

"Who in the hell is it at this hour?" Roger asked. He asked the same question into the intercom.

"Harley Price," the voice came in answer to his question. "Can I come up?"

"Sure, Harley," Roger said. He pushed the button by the phone that released the lock on the downstairs door. He turned back to Randolph on the bed.

"Well, this is certainly a surprise."

"Should the name ring a bell?" Randolph asked. He watched as Roger got his robe and put it on.

"If you don't know the name, you'll recognize the face and the body. A couple of years back, you couldn't find a swim-suit advertisement in any of the slick magazines that didn't have Harley's physique staring out at you. Since then he's moved behind the camera and under George Rankin."

"George Rankin the publisher?"

"George Rankin may publish Before Dawn," Roger said, "but it's his lover who runs it. There hasn't been a decent photo in the pages of Before Dawn that Harley hasn't taken himself. It's an indication of his work that the magazine has the highest circulation of any in its field."

Roger went to the bedroom door, wanting to be there to greet Harley when the elevator opened.

"Join us," Roger said over his shoulder. "You and Harley should really get to know one another. If he hadn't made it so big in his own field, he could have offered you some competition in yours."

Roger left the bedroom. Randolph slipped out of the sheets and went to the mirror. As usual, he was pleased with what he saw reflected back.

However, he didn't stop the play Narcissus this time around. His hair wasn't combed, but the ruffled look gave Randolph a decidedly butch effect which was flattering to him. He left his hair as it was, got his robe from the floor where he had dropped it, and went in to join Roger in the living room.

Harley had already arrived. He had put his six-foot frame on the couch and was already drinking a Scotch that Roger had brought him. His quick eye spotted Randolph in the doorway before Roger did. He immediately felt the familiar stirrings in his groin. Here was someone Harley would have been happy to give himself to. It was exciting even thinking of just how it might be to be subjugated by this handsome Adonis in the doorway.

"This is Randolph," Roger said. "Randolph, this is Harley Price."



"Hi," Randolph said, going to accept the drink that Roger had prepared for him in anticipation of his arrival from the bedroom.

Harley let his experienced eye continue to take in Randolph's face and body. Harley had operated for so many years both in front of and behind a camera lens that his mind now acted like one. Within seconds of seeing Randolph, Harley had selected several of the right poses, had mentally transfixed those poses onto 8 x 10 glossy paper, and had selected which of those poses would be the best to use in a layout for Before Dawn. It was very seldom that Harley ran across two men in the same evening that could excite him with the prospects for his own particular brand of pleasure. He had come to talk to Roger about one of them, only to find the second in residence.

Randolph took his glass and sat in one of the chairs opposite Harley.

Roger took up position in one next to him.

Randolph took the chance to survey the newcomer. Roger had certainly been right about one thing. Randolph did recognize the face and the body, although, without Roger's hints, he would have probably been at a loss as to just why they should seem so familiar.

"It's been a long time, Harley," Roger said.

Harley stretched his legs languidly, the cloth at his crotch moving over the bulge of the covered sexual organ which was evidently adequate to please even a fussy trick. He shifted his attention from Randolph to Roger. He would cinch up what he had initially come for and then move on to the newer things, which included Randolph.

"I hope you don't mind the hour I chose for this reunion," Harley smiled.

He had the kind of smile that the camera loved. It was all white teeth and dimpled cheeks. It didn't, however, detract any from an aura about him that proclaimed him an "all-American-boy" type. His hair was long but not too long. It was light brown and feathered over his ears while hanging thickly over his forehead. He was wearing an outfit which would have made him acceptable in any leather bar even though none of what he wore was leather.

Randolph wasn't really sure what the material was, but it looked like a faded brown denim. Both Harley's trousers and his shirt were of the same cloth. It molded easily to his excellent body. Although Harley wasn't in front of the camera very often anymore, it was more than apparent that it was the camera's loss.

"Is it late?" Roger asked.

"I was taking a chance, of course, that you would be up," Harley said.

"Seeing Randolph, I know you weren't asleep."

"Oh?" Roger grinned.

"The two of you certainly wouldn't sleep through the first performance of your latest find, would you?" Harley asked.

Roger suddenly suspected just why Harley was there. If his suspicions were right, it would almost assure Augustyn's early success. However, it wasn't well to count one's chickens before they were hatched, especially in this instance, where there were obstacles. And then, Roger might possibly have misconceived the reason for the visit. Harley could well have other reasons for the visit, completely unassociated with Augustyn.

Roger would wait and let it all come out in Harley's own sweet time. In the back of his mind, Roger couldn't help feeling that even if Harley had come to put Augustyn in *Before Dawn*, the complications might just be too great to surmount. Harley was well known to expect special services from those people he honored by photographing. Roger was not sure he was willing to risk his own future investments in Augustyn by subjecting the young singer to Harley's particular form of perversion -- at least not this early in the game. It wasn't because Roger feared that Augustyn would come to any physical harm. The man had enough judo and karate lessons behind him to make him invincible in a fight with anyone except a professional in the art of self-defense. No, it wasn't Augustyn's physical well-being Roger would be worried about. It was Harley's.

Augustyn was not a homosexual. Any beating he gave Harley would not be ruled or controlled by any inherent knowledge of the limits tolerated between the sadist and his victim. Harley might find that hard to understand. Harley might even be so silly as to actually think that Augustyn's heterosexuality was a mere facade used in promotion. That could have been one hell of a mistake where a masochist was concerned.

"Did you like the performance?" Randolph asked.

Harley turned back to Randolph, wondering how it was that Roger had suddenly latched onto the two most exciting men Harley had seen in a long time. Oh, of course, there was George, but that was hardly any real passionate sex. That was more of a business relationship. To George it had always been something more, but never for Harley. Harley liked his men a bit more butch than George. He didn't look femme himself and he certainly didn't want any of his tricks to look that way either.

"Quite impressive," Harley said. His statement was partly in reply to Randolph's query and partly in appreciation of Randolph's masculine good looks.

"You'll agreed then that he's the new star on the horizon?" Roger asked.

"Possibly," Harley said. "His delivery needs a bit more polish, and you certainly should have a talk with make-up. When you've got a face like that, you're defeating your purpose by using much make-up at all."

"I've already made similar notes myself," Roger said.

"And I suppose you've already guessed just why I'm here," Harley said.

There was very little point in delaying the obvious.

"Shall I take a guess?"

"I was thinking of putting Augustyn on the cover of Before Dawn," Harley said.

Roger's glass stopped en route to his mouth. The cover of Before Dawn was more than he could have ever hoped for.

"Of course we'd back it up with a couple of shots inside," Harley continued. "I was thinking of maybe even doing one of my famous respectable frontals."

"I couldn't go for that, Harley," Roger said.

Randolph eyed Roger curiously, wondering why. Even Randolph could see the potential this had for Augustyn's career. It was only very seldom that Before Dawn used an unknown on its cover. Why object to a frontal?

Usually in good taste, other nudes had appeared quite regularly in Before Dawn and in other respectable magazines. Augustyn certainly seemed to have the body for it.

"Surely the boy isn't shy?" Harley commented slyly. "What better way to exploit his bisexual image than by giving his audience a glimpse of just what they have scheduled for their wet dreams?"

"Confidentially, Harley, he's not hung well enough for a frontal," Roger said finally.

"A pity," Harley sighed, accepting Roger's explanation without questioning it. "I would have expected something a bit extra, looking at his body and basket this evening."

"The body is for real, the basket has been improvised just a bit."

It would have been ridiculous to keep this fact from Harley. Harley, more than anyone, knew the advantages of a layout in Before Dawn. If he was suggesting nude layouts, he must have expected Augustyn to be a lot heavier hung than he really was.

"It was a very good job of padding," Harley commented in passing.

"It's not that he doesn't have a good-sized cock," Roger said. "As a matter of fact, it's more than adequate. Unfortunately, you know an audience likes to

think that its idol has elephantine dimensions."

"You're right, of course," Harley admitted. It was really a story he had heard more than once before. It was done all the time in the music world and in the theater. One sex idol with an exceptionally small dick had gyrated to the top with a basket that was two-thirds buck shot. "I'm glad you told me now."

"I want you to know what you would be getting," Roger said. "And while we're at it, I might go one step further. You could have expected no sex in that department, either."

"He's not celibate?"

"No."

"Is it true he beats up anyone he thinks is a homosexual?" Harley asked.

The idea of physical violence was somehow sexually stimulating. Anyone watching Harley's crotch, as was Randolph, could have seen the prick elongating along Harley's left thigh.

"Try to remember, Harley, that Augustyn is neither homosexual nor knowledgeable about the pain-versus-pleasure theories. He gives pain not to enhance anyone's pleasure but rather to beat the living shit out of them. With his expertise in karate alone, I'm afraid what might happen if he actually came, across someone who really enjoyed a beating."

"I'm a big boy, Roger," Harley replied. "Although I am touched with your concern."

Randolph suddenly had a very clear picture of everything.

"No frontals and no sex," Roger said. "I'm afraid you would have come out the worst of the deal."

"Suddenly I'm thinking of withdrawing my offer," Harley said.

"Listen," Roger said, leaning forward to give an impression of talking man-to-man. "You and I both know that someone with Augustyn's potential is going to get to the top with or without coverage in Before Dawn. He may not get to the top quite as quickly, but he will get there. Now, is your magazine a publication that indicates the pulse of the times, or is it merely a tool you utilize to satiate your own particular lusts?"

Harley laughed. It was a deep-throated, masculine laugh that portrayed a real amusement.

"Shit, Roger, let's not be too dramatic. Actually Before Dawn is just a little bit of both. Is either so bad?"

"It is bad if you let one override the other, as you might be tempted to do. You're an entertainment magazine. After tonight, can you deny that Augustyn is destined for his place in the entertainment world?"

"What exactly are you suggesting?"

"You know what I'm suggesting. You thought he was good enough for Before Dawn before. Surely he's just as good potential as he was when you arrived."

"What if we compromise?" Harley said. "How about giving him a few non-frontals inside?"

"How about if I gave you an even better frontal for the inside of your magazine. Would you give Augustyn the cover then?"

"You'll have to be just a bit more specific, I'm afraid," Harley said, immediately suspecting what Roger had in mind.

"Put a layout of Randolph inside. He's got the body, the looks, and the cock."

Randolph settled deeper in his chair. He put his empty liquor glass on the end table and folded his arms over his chest. He felt both Roger's and Harley's eyes on him. Each, in his own way, was waiting for his reaction.

He gave them nothing but a cool exterior. He was used to not betraying his emotions. He knew what Roger was suggesting. Whether or not he did it depended mainly upon two things: whether Harley would agree to it and whether Randolph could find any real advantages in doing so.

"I must admit that is an interesting suggestion," Harley said. Since he was going to bring up the idea of Randolph himself, he was glad that it was Roger who had done so first. That made the whole thing a little safer than it might have been. Harley now felt able to proceed with relative ease. After all, it was no secret that Roger and Randolph had something going between them.

"We are an entertainment magazine," Harley said. "I'm just wondering if our readers would be ready for the caption explaining Randolph's occupation in the entertainment world."

"Write him up as my assistant."

"Let me think about it, will you, Roger?" Harley said. He put his empty glass on the coffee table and got up. He could, of count, have given his decision now, but it would be better to let Roger think that he wasn't quite as anxious for Randolph as he really was. "You might also check with Randolph to see just how he feels about showing his all to a already large group of readers."

"You don't want another drink?" Roger asked, standing. He knew he had the cover story cinched. He could see the magnetism Randolph had exerted on Harley. Randolph would be able to handle Harley, even through any S-and-M

games that the man might want to play. Randolph had, no doubt run into several people in the past that wanted what Harley wanted a great deal of sex combined with some minor physical pain. Randolph would know just how far to go without going past that point where the pain would override Harley's pleasure. Augustyn wouldn't know when to stop.

"I really have got to go," Harley said. "I'll let you know one way or the other within the next couple of days."

Randolph stood and shook Harley's hand. It was a firm grip. Randolph had made his initial decision, too. He and Roger had both agreed that their relationship couldn't boil hot forever. Having sex with Harley might actually be fun, and a layout in Before Dawn, even a nude one, had infinite advantages. Randolph would have to find out just what Harley expected from a trick. There had been more than passing reference to the necessity of physical violence. Randolph would want to know just how much was required and who would be on which end of the stick before any final decisions could be made.

They walked Harley to the elevator. When he was gone, they walked back into the living room.

"It'll be a good way for you to meet some other important people," Roger said. "You see the advantage in that as well as I do. No matter what anyone tells you, a lot of what you get depends upon the people you know."

"I'll look damned ridiculous in comparison to some of the other studs they're bound to have on display."

"Who in the hell are you trying to kid?" Roger answered.

"Maybe we should go to bed and sleep on it," Randolph smiled.

They went back to the bedroom, Roger sinking into the bed and pulling Randolph down beside him.

"I think I want you to fuck me," Roger whispered in Randolph's ear.

"I wish you had made it that easy the first time," Randolph laughed.

"I didn't know you that well," Roger said. "I didn't want you to think I wasn't a man."

Randolph rolled Roger to his belly, immediately taking a dominant position across Roger's thighs.

Randolph washed his own dick with spit before putting it to the crease of Roger's ass.



Roger groaned as the bulk of Randolph's prick fell into the pit of his asshole. He wiggled his buff to adjust more quickly to the fucking. The hot membranes of his ass jerked about the filling cock, milking the phallic pap of the natural lubricant that would wet his inner bowels. A resulting flood of sexual fluids oozed free of Randolph's cockhead and spread on the anal walls as the thick prick rammed deeper up the hot, tight corridor.

"So good," Roger breathed.

"I sometimes wish I could fuck you forever," Randolph said, letting his hands circle Roger's waist. His fingers closed about Roger's erected prick. While one hand masturbated Roger's cock. Randolph's other hand fell to take hold of Roger's scrotal sac. Randolph kneaded the balls in their housing of wrinkled flesh, simultaneously burying his cock the last few inches up Roger's asshole.

"Fuck me," Roger said, feeling Randolph's body beginning the rhythm of the fuck.

Randolph pulled free all of his cock except for the swelling head. When only the fat cockhead was gummed by Roger's sphincters, Randolph shoved the prick in again, all the way to his balls. Then out. Then in. Out and in until a tempo was achieved.

Roger writhed sensuously beneath the attack, shoving his ass upward to correspond to the cadence of Randolph's plungings of cock. He revolved his hips, feeling the cock stirring within his asshole, enjoying the varied angles of entrance the fucking prick took with each penetration into him. His prostate swelled beneath the battering of the cockshaft, and sent a dull paining through Roger's body that somehow succeeded in enhancing rather than hindering the pleasure.

Randolph's hand about Roger's dick continued to ship that hard flesh toward its own orgasm. The liquid that beaded in the meat of Roger's cock was streaked away by Randolph's pumping hand, was smeared in a veneer along the length of Roger's thick dick. The deluge of pre-seminal juices on Randolph's hand gave the tunnel of fingers all the aspects of a spit-filled mouth.

Randolph was moving with greater speed up Roger's accommodating asshole.

Although he knew he no longer had the problem of premature ejaculation while driving his heavy cock between Roger's buns, he still found that his ejaculation was always sooner in coming than it had usually been with other tricks before Roger. This Randolph accounted to the fact that he continued to enjoy his sex with Roger whereas, with others, the act had been little more than a mechanical functioning. Why he enjoyed fucking with Roger when he had enjoyed it with so few people in the past was something that Randolph couldn't really understand -- or, more probably, wouldn't let himself understand.

Randolph forced himself up the asshole, then yanked his prick back until only its bulbous head was held secure. Each shove of all his inches up the ass tunnel caused Randolph's pubic hairs to press decorative indents into the firmness of Roger's muscular asscheeks. The muscle-lined hole was tight. The ass walls became heated from the friction of the cock's continual movement through the protesting anal lining.

"Oh, Christ, Randolph," Roger moaned. "Oh, Christ, I feel it."

Randolph felt it, too: that building of tension within his body that would soon become too much to bear. Like fresh cum being fed into already bulged nuts, the forces would continue to build until, they could be contained no longer. Their releasing would be the luxurious falling into the abyss, the expulsion of heated seed through the spasming meatus of the rock-hard prick.

Randolph's pumping moved to yet a faster momentum. Roger's hips bounced to meet each and every thrusting. Randolph pushed and pulled, buried and then reburied his delicious cock up the clutching asshole. Randolph sighed, moaned, as the pleasures coursed through him, mushroomed within his body. He slammed his cock up the slot, grinding his belly into the uplifted globes of Roger's ass.

Roger gave a deep growl, at the same time drooling spit into the sheet beneath his cheek. His moaning sounds began to come with even more

regularity as Randolph took up a new fucking cadence inside his ass.

Randolph jabbed his cock homeward with faster speed, the flames inside him flaring to new pitches of excitement. Again he found himself fighting to prolong the fuck, wanting it to go on forever. Yet, even while he fought to hold off his explosion, the swelling forces inside his body told him that his labors were useless, that his balls were boiling, and he was ready to shoot his wad.

Already Randolph's body, was taking on a will all its own. The link between mind and body mechanisms had somehow been interrupted. Something else was taking hold, directing nerves to tense tighter, instructing hips to bounce the prick faster and faster up the asshole.

Randolph's fingers kept working Roger's cock, coaxing that prick toward its explosion, even as Randolph was hastily approaching his own. Randolph could tell by the quivering cockflesh in his hand that he was not alone in his experiencing of the pure pleasure of the fuck.

They had both given themselves up to passion, each becoming a bowstring being drawn tighter and tighter by some unseen hand. Very soon they would be drawn to that point where they could be pulled no tighter. They would pause on the brink, knowing that there was only one pathway open short of utter destruction. They would surrender to the inevitable, passing into the void of overpowering pleasures as their guts twisted in the cataclysmic shudderings of their spermal eruptions.

The two bodies shone with the sweat of their inner excitement. As their skin touched and parted, there were strange, sucking noises. Randolph's belly and chest pressed into his companion's back and ass as his active pelvis hammered the prick into Roger's moist tunnel.

Randolph put his mouth to Roger's neck, tasting the saltiness of the perspiration which had veneered the skin. He opened his mouth to mutter an indication of his approaching orgasm, but was gripped by such a spasm of ecstasy that his teeth clamped shut on the flesh. He groaned, the sound of it muffled about the segment of neck he held in his teeth.

Like a cat in heat, feeling the bite of its mate at the height of the climax, Roger felt Randolph's teeth. The resulting pain was all that Roger needed to achieve his own moment. His fingers gripped handfuls of the sheets, his cock burrowing into the clutch of Randolph's fingers.

Both felt their toppling into the void, shuddering as hot sperm blasted from their pulsing cocks -- some into the gripping fingers, some into the clutching ass. The sounds of their lovemaking entered the air, hung there even after the last of their spasms had left them, limp and exhausted, on the bed.

## CHAPTER FIVE

Duncan Temple had known from the beginning that Randolph was the perfect man to play the part of Barry in the film version of his best-selling novel. His decision was in no way based, however, upon Harley's glowing descriptions of how Randolph had tied him to the bed and then beat him to ejaculation with a leather belt. As a matter of fact, Harley was so often relating his latest finds in a "master" that Duncan had really paid very little attention, even when Harley's account had been a little more glowing than usual. When Harley had suggested that Duncan should get together with Randolph for a little sexual fun and games, Duncan had only smiled. Harley was always suggesting that Duncan should get together with some young stud or the other for a really good fuck. The suggestions rarely came to anything. Harley was always too busy with his latest discoveries to ever get around to making the actual introductions. Duncan was usually too busy writing or talking with publishers to follow up on any of Harley's invitations, not that he didn't appreciate a good fuck.

Duncan actually selected Randolph for the part of Barry shortly after returning to his apartment one afternoon after going through a frustrating five hours at the casting office of the studio which had decided to film his novel. He and the production staff had gone through a good fifty men applying for the role of Barry Templar. The movie was scheduled to begin shooting in a week, and Duncan hadn't given his okay to any of the suggestions the studio had made for the staffing role. He and the production staff had spent days going through a gamut of good-looking men who were applying for the role of Barry Templar. The big-name star the studio had been pushing had been vehemently vetoed by Duncan.

Film executives were foaming at the mouths because Duncan had overridden their selection, but Duncan didn't care. It had taken Duncan over six years to get into a position of power where his contracts were concerned, and he was not going to give an inch now that the scales were finally tilted in his favor. Four of his four books had been turned into films, all four of them grossing fantastic profits for the studio. Duncan had gained a bargaining position. At a time when the movie industry was in evident

decline, it was hard to find material that could pull in the money. In order to get Duncan's latest best-seller under their wing, the studio had paid out a fantastic sum and allowed the writer carte blanche in the cast selection. Many of the characters were insignificant. Duncan had stood aside and let the casting department fill up those slots.

However, he would not let them give the role of Barry to any kid, just because that kid was some producer or director's lover. The whole story of his novel hinged upon Barry. The character would either make or break the movie. Duncan wanted success for his picture more than for any of the others. This one was important because it was on a homosexual theme. It had taken Duncan five years to get up the guts to write a novel on homosexuality. Now that he had done it, now that it had spent over six months on the best-seller lists, Duncan would not stand for the picture to fail. If he couldn't find the right person to play Barry, then he wouldn't allow the novel to be filmed at all. He would give back the money. He no longer needed it. The royalties from his other books were more than enough to keep his checking account filled.

He had come into his living room with the sounds of irate movie people still ringing in his ears. He had made himself a stiff drink and sprawled his six-foot-two body on the couch. He had then picked up one of the copies of *Before Dawn* that was on the coffee table. And it was while thumbing through the magazine that he found the man he knew had to play Barry. The name "Randolph" that appeared in the captions and in the short background information meant nothing to Duncan. What was important was that the layout had been taken by Harley Price. Duncan gave Harley a call. He was out. Duncan settled down with the magazine.

Duncan had done an about-face by writing his latest book. Up until that time, he had written with a he-man style that had been a perfect complement to his rugged good looks. His books had been filled with hairy-chested men who balled big-busted women. They had been an instant success. The fact that Duncan resembled one of his own heroes didn't hurt the promotion of his works.

Duncan was big, not in fat, but in bone and muscle. He had wanted to write through high school and college, but he had found himself too involved

with sports to do anything seriously. Duncan was good in sports.

He even enjoyed them. What he didn't like was the fact that he was using sports because he knew anyone who participated in them was naturally assumed to be a real man. No one ever suspected that Duncan could possibly prefer men to all of those girls who flocked admiringly around him. Duncan knew that he preferred his own sex, but he didn't do anything about it until he went into the service. Duncan enlisted. He went into the Army for the same reason he had done a lot of things in his life: to prove to others and to himself that he was a man, in spite of the sex feelings he had in his guts. A man went into the military. A man served his country. Duncan went into the Army and fucked his first man. He fucked him in the shower one night and thought for a month that he would be found out and dishonorably discharged. He didn't have another contact until he was honorably discharged two and a half years later.

Duncan began to write. He had the germ of his homosexual novel already in his mind, but he didn't yet have the experience to write the book that would come so easily five years later. He wrote his other novels. He grew rich and famous. He won awards. He could have gone on writing what he did for the rest of his life, but he didn't. Duncan came out of his closet.

He stumbled quite accidentally one night into a leather bar. He liked the people -- strong, rugged, masculine. He liked the sex he was introduced into afterwards -- a rough, heavy fuck, that left him really satiated. It was the first of those experiences which would be the basis of his novel.

That night he placed the first building block for the bombshell novel that would not only shock his regular readers, but also the whole book-reading population.

That was why Duncan had to have his perfect Barry. Everyone had an idea of just who would best play themselves in a movie. And the character Barry Templar was based on Duncan's experiences. This new book was more autobiographical than it was fictional.

Duncan called Harley again and left a message with the answering service.

He then took the copy of Before Dawn into the bedroom with him, leaving it open on the bed as he stripped down for his shower. Now that he had found the face and the body he was looking for, it was almost as if Duncan were afraid he would lose him if he didn't keep him constantly within view.

Duncan stripped off his clothes. With only his jockey shorts holding in the bulge of his cock, Duncan turned to the mirror. He compared the reflection in the mirror to the picture of the maxi on the slick pages of the magazine. They were not the same. Duncan had short-cropped brown hair, and Randolph had longer blond. Duncan had a thick mat of hair that covered his chest, belly, and legs. Randolph did have hair on his body, but it was of a finer texture, not quite so evident because of its lighter coloring. Duncan estimated that he stood at least two inches taller than the young man in the photos and was probably five years older. And yet, with all the differences in the physical appearances, Duncan had found the one important characteristic that counted: he looked at the picture and he saw Barry Templar. A character that had started out in the beginning to be a duplicate of Duncan Temple had somehow evolved during the writing into someone else. Randolph was a duplicate of that someone else. It seemed to Duncan as if he had created a body in words and then suddenly found those words alive. The realization suddenly hit him that before Randolph he had been looking for the wrong person. He had been searching to find someone who looked just like he did five years ago. That had been a mistake. Barry was no longer Duncan Temple. He had become someone quite different.

The telephone rang and Duncan answered it. It was Harley returning his call. Duncan had known Harley for over two years. He had met him in a bar. He had taken him home and beaten him and then fucked him repeatedly.

It had been a scene he had enjoyed at the time, but had not repeated for reasons even he wasn't quite able to explain.

However, he and Harley had somehow remained very good friends. They often had dinner or drinks together. Duncan listened to Harley's tales, filing them away in his mind. No doubt many of Harley's experiences in S-and-M sex would one day reappear on the printed page of one of Duncan's books.



"I called back as soon as I arrived and found out that you'd tried to get me," Harley said. Duncan was one of his favorite people.

"I've called to ask you to do me a favor."

"Shoot."

"I want you to tell me all you know about Randolph Grieg."

"Don't tell me after all this time that you're actually interested?"

Harley asked.

"I don't understand. I just saw his photos in an issue of Before Dawn."

Harley reminded Duncan of the time he had tried to persuade him to try Randolph's fucking charms, but none of it rang a bell with Duncan.

"Has he got more going for him than the face and the body?" Duncan asked.

"He has a very nice cock, if that's what you mean," Harley answered.

"I can see that, much from the photographs," Duncan said. "That wasn't exactly what I meant. Do you think he could act?"

"Act?" Harley asked curiously.

"Can he speak in more than one-syllable words?"

"Why don't I get you two together and then you tell me?" Harley suggested.

"But since when are you interested in someone's mind?"

"When can you make the arrangements?" Duncan queried, ignoring Harley's last remark.

"It might be kind of difficult to do right now," Harley said, realizing that Duncan was apparently serious. "Randolph is presently tied up pretty much with the promotion of Augustyn and The Meat."

"Who?"

"Augustyn is the one on the cover of the magazine you've been looking at," Harley reminded.

"Oh," Duncan commented. He vaguely remembered a bare-chested stud who was attractive, but hardly exceptional as far as he was concerned.

"How about sometime the week after next?"

"It's got to be sooner than that."

"Why the sudden hot pants, stud?" Harley laughed.

"He looks right for the part of Barry," Duncan said. "I'd like to make sure. We've got to have the cast selected by next week."

"I'll see what I can do," Harley said, realizing just what a prize Randolph would be getting if he could get the part. Some awfully big names had already tried to get it and had failed. "I can't guarantee anything, though. Augustyn has got this big thing going at the stadium next week, and it's keeping everyone around him pretty damned busy."

"Just see what you can do," Duncan said. He replaced the receiver on the hook and went to take his shower.

Harley called back the next day. Randolph had agreed to meet with Duncan the night of Augustyn's performance. It was quite impossible for him to get away before then. Duncan wished he could have made it sooner, but agreed to the night of the meeting. When Harley hung up, Duncan called the studio and told them he had found the person he wanted to play Barry.

They were so overjoyed that they were going to be able to stick to their schedule that they didn't even make too much of a fuss when Duncan told them he wouldn't be able to bring the man around before late next week.

If Randolph didn't turn out to be the right one, Duncan would make explanations then.

Duncan needn't have worried. If a photograph had almost convinced him, the real person left him without any doubts. As far as Duncan was concerned, it wasn't Randolph that greeted him in Roger Vars' apartment.

It was Barry Templar come to life. And while Duncan had come with no intentions at all of trying to fuck Randolph, he found himself unable to avoid it when they both seemed naturally to gravitate toward that eventual outcome of their meeting.

The idea of having sex with the character he had himself created was just too great to resist. He went with Randolph to the bedroom, excited in seeing the nakedness of the photo turned into real flesh. He knew it was a narcissistic thing that he was doing. Duncan, after all, saw Randolph as a piece of himself. He touched the man's skin, and it was his skin. He touched the man's ups, and they were his lips. He felt the hardness of the man's cock, and flesh and it was his as he pressed it into the bed beneath him. Duncan was a man; Randolph was a man. That was what made this type of sex far more exciting than it would have been, had one of them been a woman. This was the ecstasy which had driven Duncan to know the thrill of this forbidden type of sex, the thrill of fucking with a man. This was what it was all about; it was sex, a man-to-man fuck which made it necessary for him to put his homosexuality down on paper.

Duncan took Randolph into his arms, feeling the hairs on his chest, belly, and legs, entwining with those of his companion. Their two cocks collided against each other in a sensuous slide. Pubic bush met pubic bush, the golden threads mingling with the ebony ones. Balls rubbed against each other, churning in their sacs.

Randolph ran his fingers through the hair on Duncan's chest and belly, feeling the hardness of the muscle from which the hair grew. He ran his hand along the man's back and ass, finding both smooth and strangely absent of hair.

Randolph had actually wanted to fuck Duncan from the minute he had seen the man in the doorway. To Randolph, Duncan resembled one of those loggers come from the backwoods. Duncan was that big, that muscular, that handsome. Randolph had, of course, heard of Duncan Temple and the man's

exceptional good looks. He had also heard of Duncan's homosexual novel that had climbed to the top of the best-seller list and seemed reluctant to ever come down. But he had not expected Duncan to look like he did. He liked the man immediately. He could also tell that Duncan liked him.

Although Randolph had not read the book, he knew that he was being considered for a coveted role in the movie version. Harley had been insistent that Randolph meet with Duncan as quickly as possible, but Randolph had found it quite impossible to do anything earlier. Augustyn's performance at the stadium had been sold out for weeks. There was just too much to do before the man went out on stage. Randolph should have really been at the stadium at that moment, helping with the performance, but Roger -- after hearing the possible chance for Randolph to get the part in Duncan's movie -- insisted that Randolph meet with the writer.

Randolph did want to fuck Duncan because he knew that it would cinch his part in the new movie. After only the first few minutes of their meeting, Randolph had known that the part was his if he wanted it. It would have been his without using sex and his body to get it. Randolph went to bed with Duncan knowing that the man excited him sexually. Randolph wanted Duncan's body far more at the moment than he could have wanted any movie role.

Now they were enlocked on the bed, each twisting to search out the other's cock. They found each other's rock-hard pricks almost simultaneously.

Randolph was on his back. Duncan, in a sixty-nine position, knelt over him. Looking upward, Randolph could see the brown rug of hair that covered the front of Duncan's body. He could also see the long, fat prick that jutted from the bush of pubic hair clustered at Duncan's crotch. The prick held its position, stiff along the man's muscular belly. Two hirsute balls drooped down toward Randolph's face. Randolph watched the balls move with their own life. Between his own legs, Randolph felt Duncan's hot breath on his genitals.

Randolph's hands clamped Duncan's ass. He used his hold to lift his face upward to the huge sausage of a cock sprouting from Duncan's lower belly.

He bypassed the prick in favor of the balls. He opened his mouth and let the nuts fall into it like two large plums. The scrotal bag and its heavy contents filled his hot, moist mouth and then overflowed the opening.

Randolph bathed them all in spit, allowing the two gonads to collide sensuously within the cavern. His lips hugged the base of the thick dick.

His chin pressed against the hard cock. His nose was jabbed into the dark corridor of skin that led into the crease of Duncan's ass.

Duncan tremendously enjoyed the feel of Randolph's face buried between his legs. Anxious to return the pleasure, he put his own mouth to Randolph's balls, suctioning up first one of them, and then the other. He washed the gonads thoroughly, and he then became anxious to taste the man's throbbing cock, which laid stretched out along the muscular belly.

The prick had leaked a flood of pre-seminal juices which had pooled on the stomach just below Randolph's navel. Duncan surrendered the balls, moving, to the head of Randolph's prick. Duncan's darting tongue licked up Randolph's juices, lingering at the prick's meatus to sample a new gushing.

Randolph let his head, fall back to the bed. The falling of his head caused Duncan's nuts to pull free. Randolph's spit was beaded in the hairs of Duncan's balls. Randolph reached up for the cock above him, grabbing it and pulling it downward. It resisted him, ready to spring back if he released it. Duncan widened his kneeling stance over Randolph's body, dropping his jutting cock even closer to his companion's face. When Randolph yanked the cock so that it jutted downward, horizontal to Duncan's belly, he found that its head touched his lips. He raised his head slightly, sucking up the corona. His lips were able to hold the cockhead secure and prevent its rebounding. Randolph again put both of his hands on Duncan's ass and used his hold to pull his face upward. His opened mouth took in the inches of Duncan's prick.

Duncan, feeling the resulting pleasure, moved his own mouth to Randolph's prick. He used his tongue to lick up and down the wide expanse of the penile belly. He worked his hands beneath Duncan's ass, lifting the man's lower body upward as Duncan's mouth opened to take the first inches of the

prick. Duncan was acutely aware of the fleshy mass of the cock as it slipped beyond the opening of his mouth and onward into the throat beyond. The shaft of Randolph's cock penetrated his throat further yet.

Both mouths moved along the pricks at about the same speed, passing from the bulbous heads toward the knotted roots that anchored the cocks to the male bellies. They each held their mouthful, savoring the feel of the tumescence that composed it. Near the base of their throats, the cock lips leaked their natural juices. After a short while, both faces pulled back from the bases and began their long glide toward the cockheads.

They both achieved their own rhythm, the masturbatory slidings that were destined to eventually have two pairs of nuts simultaneously releasing their load of jism.

Randolph worked his fingers into the cleft of Duncan's butt, locating the pucker of the asshole. He pushed a finger into the slot, feeling Duncan's finger doing likewise up his bowels. His finger found the, prostate up Duncan's ass just as Duncan's fingertip was prodding his own swollen gland.

The two of them growled their pleasure over each other's cocks. Spit dribbled from their mouths, wetting the pricks that were undergoing oral masturbation.

They were a mass of burnished flesh and muscle on the bed. Like some exquisite piece of sculpture turned into life, the flow of muscle rippled in the dim lights. Heads bobbed over cocks in a smooth, fluid motion.

While Randolph's hands were helping his head keep in position by holding tightly to Duncan's ass, Duncan's dominant position allowed his fingers free access to Randolph's body. While one of his hands was occupied with working a finger up Randolph's ass, his other fingers took hold of Randolph's compacting balls. He kneaded the gonads, feeling the scrotal flesh grow prunelike with his touching.

Passages from Duncan's book kept running through Duncan's mind. He remembered all of the sex scenes he had written describing how Barry had

made love on the bed, on the floor, on the bar, on the pool table. His thoughts, plus the actuality of the moment, only increased his existing sexual desires. He felt his body building for the climax, knowing that if Randolph didn't play the part of Barry in his film, then no one ever would.

Randolph gasped for air, his rasping heaves increasing the stimulation on Duncan's cock. Randolph's own moment, of orgasm wasn't far on the horizon. He could feel his muscles tightening. His nuts were already folded into a compact mass at the base of his dick. He hoped that he wouldn't let loose before Duncan had given him his own load of jism, but he needn't have worried.

When they did explode, they did so at the same time. As if on cue, the nuts gave up their pearly contents in one simultaneous gushing that drove cum from Duncan into Randolph and from Randolph into Duncan. Duncan's legs gave way, his body collapsing to drive his long cock up into Randolph's mouth, his pelvis grinding to flatten the features of Randolph's face. His throat accepted the total inches of Randolph's cockshaft, his tastebuds drowning in the releasing of spermal goo.

A mass of masculine flesh and bone writhed on the bed as each man strove desperately to suck up the sexual ambrosia of his companion. It was a dual ejaculation that would leave them finally exhausted on the bed.

When the phone rang, Randolph was really too temporarily exhausted to answer it. However, he automatically checked the clock on the bedstand and computed that Augustyn's concert was already over. He struggled to a partially sitting position and answered the phone. He was not surprised to hear Roger's voice on the other end.

"Randolph?"

"How was the concert?" Randolph asked.

"Listen, Randolph," Roger's voice came, strained but controlled, from the earpiece. "I know you're with Duncan, and I know the meeting can be important to you. I want you to know that and know that I wouldn't ask you to leave there if this wasn't more important."

"Is something wrong?"

"Yes," Roger said. "I can't tell you what it is over the phone, but we need you here as quickly as possible. Just you, Randolph. Whatever you do, don't bring Duncan."

"Where are you?"

"We're still at the stadium," Roger said. His voice momentarily faded as he pulled away from the mouthpiece to say something to someone else.

"Please come as quickly as possible."

The phone went dead. Randolph continued holding for just a few seconds, thinking that there might be something more. There was nothing.

Randolph replaced the receiver on its hook. He looked at Duncan on the bed beside him. Duncan was eyeing him curiously.

"Was that Roger Vars?" Duncan asked.

"Yes," Randolph replied absently.

"How was Augustyn's concert?"

"Fine," Randolph replied, getting out of bed and reaching for his clothes on a nearby chair. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to leave. You know that under the circumstances I wouldn't go unless it was really something important."

"Trouble?" Duncan asked.

"Ask me the details later, will you?" Randolph said.

"Shall I wait for you?"

"I really don't know how long I'll be," Randolph replied truthfully. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to show yourself out."

"May I call you tomorrow?" Duncan asked.



"Please do," Randolph said. He had finished dressing and went to the closet to get his suede jacket. He checked to make sure his car keys were in the pocket. Before leaving, he went back, to Duncan on the bed. He extended his hand, taking Duncan's in a firm handshake: "I really am sorry."

"I will call you tomorrow," Duncan said. "And if I can be of any help in anything give me a call."

"Thanks," Randolph said. He left the bedroom, walking through the living room to the elevator. The door opened to reveal the compartment with its mirrors. He stepped in and watched his own flushed reflection as he dropped toward the street level.

Randolph drove to the stadium. He didn't know what he expected when he got there. From the tension in Roger's voice, Randolph thought maybe he would arrive on the scene amid a fanfare of police sirens, police cars, and policemen. When he arrived, there was nothing to indicate that less than an hour before the whole area had been jammed with the cars and the fans of the latest group to hit the music world's big time: Augustyn and The Meat. There were only two cars in the parking area; Roger's and Paul's. Randolph parked his next to Roger's automobile and got out. The first two doors he tried were locked. He was trying the third one when he saw Roger through the glass.

"Thank God you're here!" Roger said, pushing open the door. "We thought something might have happened to you."

"What's wrong?" Randolph asked. "Leaving a person like Duncan under such mysterious circumstances is sure to set his mind to wondering."

"Right now, Duncan is not my biggest problem," Roger said. He took Randolph's arm and began propelling him down the hallway.

Randolph knew the route they were taking. He had been through it just that morning with Augustyn, Paul, and Roger. Then it had been at a more leisurely pace. There had been the noises of men erecting the stage and putting the other equipment in place. Now there was nothing but the echoes of their own feet.

Paul was waiting for them at the exit that led from the stage to the back galleries.

"Thank God you're here!" Paul said, repeating Roger's greeting of just a few minutes earlier.

Randolph could read the concern on Paul's face. "Are they still in there?" Roger asked. "He says he won't come out," Paul said. "What if the kid is dead?"

"If who is dead?" Roger asked. "Augustyn?"

"He doesn't know?" Paul asked. He turned to Randolph. "Augustyn has killed some kid."

"We don't know that," Roger said. His voice still had that strained calmness, but Randolph could see the tic in the man's cheek that betrayed Roger's inner tenseness.

"What if he is dead?" Paul asked. He made no pretense of hiding his fear.

Randolph could almost smell it on him. "What if Augustyn has killed him?"

Roger turned his attention back to Randolph. "He left the stage after the performance. You knew we had the back room set up for him to wait in until the screaming mob left. Somehow one of his fans found him."

"A boy," Paul said. "It had to be one of the Goddamned, fuckin' boys."

"When he didn't show up at the car, we went to look for him. He's still back there, and he won't come out."

"What in the fuck am I supposed to do?" Randolph asked.

"He wants you," Roger answered.

"Me? Why me?"

"Augustyn has always had this thing for you," Paul said.

"You've got to be kidding," Randolph said.

"This is getting us nowhere," Roger interjected. "Right now it really doesn't matter why Augustyn wants you, just that he does want you. We've got to get him out of that back room."

"He's possibly killed one homosexual, and you two have called in another.

I somehow get the impression I'm playing the sacrificial lamb being led to the slaughter."

"We had no choice," Roger said. "We've all got too much tied up in this to call in the police unless we absolutely have to."

"If I go in there and I'm not out in ten minutes, I suggest you call the police and an ambulance," Randolph said. "I've unfortunately left karate out of my education."

Randolph left them, walking the short distance down the hallway, he put his ear against the door and listened. He didn't hear anything.

"Augustyn?" He waited for an answer, and, receiving none, he called the man's name a second time. "Augustyn. It's Randolph. Open the door and let me in."

Randolph expected a long, drawn-out period of coaxing. He was surprised when Augustyn immediately opened the door, just a crack.

"Where are they?" Augustyn hissed.

"Who?"

"Roger and Paul."

"They're waiting down the hall."

Augustyn opened the door wider. It was dark inside. Randolph took a deep breath and slipped into the darkness. He heard the door close behind him, heard the lock fall back into place.

"Isn't there a light in here?" Randolph asked, wanting to hear something even if it was his own voice. He was surprised that he sounded as calm as he did.

"He's not very pretty," Augustyn said. He spoke in a low voice.

His eyes still not adjusted to the darkness, Randolph still could make out absolutely nothing.

"Is he dead?" Randolph asked, almost afraid to hear the answer. Randolph doubted very much that there was any way even Roger Vars could cover up a murder.

"Why couldn't he leave me alone?"

"Turn on the light, Augustyn," Randolph said.

"I don't want to see him," Augustyn said. "I hurt him pretty bad."

"Turn on the light, Augustyn," Randolph repeated.

Augustyn obliged. Randolph's eyes took a few seconds more to adjust to the glare.

"Oh, Christ!" Randolph muttered. The boy was slumped in a mass against one wall. His face, or what was left of it, was a bloody pulp. Randolph wondered what the kid had once looked like. It was apparent that he had an excellent body beneath his blood-stained T-shirt.

Augustyn sat at a dressing table, his handsome face reflecting in the mirrors in front of him.

"They're mad, aren't they?" Augustyn asked.

Randolph didn't answer. He went over to the slumped body and felt for a pulse in one wrist. He thought he found a weak one. He saw a bubble of blood rising and falling in the vicinity of where a nose must once have been.

"Do you know why they're mad?" Augustyn continued. "They're mad because I've endangered their fuckin' dreams. Roger sees me as another big money-maker. Paul sees me as his ladder back to the top. No one really cares about that bastard over there as a person. No one really cares about me as a person."

"I do," Randolph said.

Augustyn gave Randolph a funny little smile.

"I think maybe you do," Augustyn said finally. A sudden shiver convulsed his body. He clasped his arms over his chest. His torso was still bare from the performance. "What do we do now?"

"I take you home," Randolph said.

"And that?" Augustyn asked, nodding toward the bloody heap Randolph was still kneeling by.

"We let Paul and Roger take care of him," Randolph said. "They'll get him to a hospital or something."

"Is he dead?"

"By his looks, he should be," Randolph said. "However, I think I can still get a pulse."

"Can I have your coat?" Augustyn asked. "I'm starting to chill."

Randolph gave him the suede. Augustyn slipped it on while Randolph opened the door and stepped into the hallway. Roger saw him, and immediately hurried forward with Paul close behind.

"I think he's still alive," Randolph whispered. "You had better get him to a doctor, and fast. He's pretty badly beaten."

"Augustyn?" Paul asked.

"I told him I'd take him home," Randolph said. "You can call there when you find out whether we have a bad beating or a murder."

"I'm ready," Augustyn said, slipping through the door. Randolph could see the body slumped on the floor inside the room. So could Paul and Roger.

"My God!" Paul muttered.

"Can we go?" Augustyn asked. "I need a drink."

"Yes, take him home," Roger said to Randolph. "Paul and I will try to take care of things here."

"Is the car in the lot?" Augustyn asked.

"Yes," Randolph said, watching Augustyn amble down the hallway toward the exit.

"Don't let him out of your sight!" Roger whispered.

Randolph followed after Augustyn, catching up with him as he left the building and entered the parking lot. They didn't say anything until after they were back at Augustyn's apartment. All the drive back, Augustyn had feigned sleep. Randolph hadn't bothered disturbing him.

After they were in the apartment, Augustyn was the first to break the silence.

"God, I hope he'll be all right."

"Shouldn't you have thought of that a little earlier?" Randolph asked.

"Yes, I suppose so," Augustyn admitted.

"Jesus, Augustyn," Randolph breathed, "do you know what they could do to you if that kid dies?"

"He was a homosexual," Augustyn shrugged.

"Christ, so is Paul, and so is Roger," Randolph said. "So, for that matter, am I."

"You?"

"Oh, come on, Augustyn," Randolph sighed, sinking down into a chair. "You can't tell me that you didn't know that."

"No, I guess I couldn't tell you that, could I?" Augustyn conceded.

"But just because I am, do you think that gives you the right to beat the shit out of me whenever the fancy takes you?"

"You're different," Augustyn said. "You don't try to make me every time you turn around."

"What if I told you I didn't only because I was afraid of what you might do?"

"That's not true," Augustyn said, walking to stand closer to Randolph's chair. "It's not is it?"

"No," Randolph answered.

"I knew that," Augustyn said with conviction. "What is your problem, Augustyn?" Randolph asked finally.

"Problem?"

"You must surely recognize that you have one. People get accosted by homosexuals every day. Most find simply saying no a bit more rational than going into a rage."

"Why do they even ask?"

"You're not so stupid as to fly and tell me you don't know that you hold out a vast appeal for members of your own sex, are you?" Randolph asked.

"Roger has based a good deal of your public image along just those lines.

If you beat up every homosexual that has the hots for your body, you'll end up destroying half of your record-buying market."

"Do you find me attractive?" Augustyn asked.

Randolph looked up from where he was sitting, wondering where this conversation was leading. Augustyn was standing before him, the suede jacket opened to reveal the bared expanse of naked flesh. The tog button of the jeans was still open, revealing the beginning strands of the pubic bush.

"And if I say yes, will Paul and Roger arrived to find me the next bloody body propped against the wall?"

"You're big enough to handle yourself," Augustyn smiled.

"Of course I find you attractive," Randolph said. "I'm surprised you even had to bother asking."

"You've never said anything."

"Like what would you have suggested?" Randolph asked. "You insisted you were straight. I've got enough willing, people around without trying to fuck the unwilling ones." Randolph stood up.

"What are you afraid of, Augustyn? Are you afraid that you might actually find out that you enjoy fucking another man?"

"I don't know," Augustyn admitted. "Sometimes, I..."

"Go on."

"I can talk to you, can't I, Randolph?" Augustyn said. He went to the bar, poured himself a stiff glass of Scotch and drank it. "I've always thought that I could, anyway. You were always different from the others... from Paul and Roger. I always felt comfortable around you."

"Do you beat people silly so they can't tempt you with sex any longer?"

"I don't know why I do it."



"How do you know you wouldn't enjoy fucking them?" Randolph asked.

"I don't know," Augustyn confessed. "That's what I think disturbs me."

"Why not give it a try sometime, Augustyn?" Randolph suggested. "Have sex and then, if you don't like it, beat them up."

"It's not natural," Augustyn said.

"By whose definition?" Randolph queried.

"By society's definition."

"How archaic," Randolph smirked. "Do you know that half your teenybopping worshipers would laugh you off the face of the earth if they heard that bit of triteness coming out of your mouth?"

"Do you love all of the men you've fucked?" Augustyn asked.

"Christ no!"

"You could have sex with any man?"

"Probably," Randolph said.

"With me?"

"Do you want me to fuck you, Augustyn? Or do you want to fuck me?"

Randolph asked. "We don't have to play games, not the two of us."

"I've got tins need inside of me," Augustyn said. "I feel it every time a kid propositions me. The need is there even when I hit them. It was there with me all the time I was waiting after I had beaten that poor kid senseless."

"Is it with you now?"

"You know in a fight between us, you would eventually come out the winner."

"I wouldn't fight you," Augustyn said.

"How can you really be sure?" Randolph asked.

"I never asked any of the others," Augustyn said. "They asked me. Now, I'm asking you."

"I'm not too sure that I should be your first," Randolph said. "You should probably do it first with someone you like."

"I like you."

"I mean, really like."

"I really like you."

Randolph walked passed Augustyn to look out the window. Through the drawn curtains the lights of the city could be seen below. It was hard to imagine that a few hours ago, he had been part of those lights, sitting with Duncan in Roger's apartment. He heard Augustyn come up to stand behind him. He didn't move or turn.

"Besides, did you really like the first man you made it with?" Augustyn asked.

"Let me tell you about the first man I went to bed with," Randolph said, still looking out over the city. "He was old, and he was ugly, and he was a cripple. He didn't choose me, I chose him, do you know why?" He turned to face Augustyn in the dimness. He could feel the desire swelling his loins. It was hard to resist Augustyn. It was apparent that the man wanted him. It had been no easy thing for Augustyn to come out and ask.

It was now no easy thing for Randolph to refuse him.

Half the teen-age population of the world would have given anything to be in his shoes, and Randolph was hesitating. "I picked him because I wanted my first homosexual experience to be a thoroughly unenjoyable one."

"Why?"

"How in the fuck should I know?" Randolph said loudly, stepping to widen the distance between them. "Maybe it was because of the same reason you beat up gay people. Maybe it was because if I was going to make my living selling my body, I wanted to prove to myself that I could go to bed with anyone. Maybe I thought that my first experience should be so distasteful that I would always somehow associate the homosexual sex act with something revolting. Maybe, by some twisted reasoning, I thought I had found a way to assure myself that I would never fall in love with one of my own sex."

"Has it worked?"

"I've never really loved," Randolph said. "Whatever the reason."

"Not even Roger?"

"I enjoy Roger. I like his body. I don't love him," Randolph said.

"I want you," Augustyn said simply. "I've wanted you from the beginning.

When I first saw you, I knew it would come to this. Everyone I beat up, I beat up because he tempted me when I had promised myself my first sex with a man would be with you."

"You're telling me that you never beat up a homosexual until after you met me?"

"I always knew that I'd know a real man when I saw him," Augustyn said.

"No one should be so good-looking," Randolph breathed the ending to his resistance.

"I do want you," Augustyn said.

Randolph stepped close to the young man, putting a hand on each side of Augustyn's face. He pulled Augustyn's lips, down to his own. For just an instant Augustyn seemed to resist and then his lips grew pliant and yielded.

They went into the bedroom and undressed. Both bodies glowed in the light of the moon that poured unhindered through the window.

Randolph took Augustyn's hand, touching it to the contours of his chest.

Not letting the man's fingers linger too long on his nipples, he dropped them lower: first to his belly and then to the finely twined hairs of his pubic area.

"You're beautiful," Augustyn whispered, his cock grown to life, hard and strong, between his thighs. He let his fingertips feel the soft wiriness of the pubic strands on the man's rowler belly. Each blond hair seemed to hold a drop of moonlight enfolded within its tendrils. Randolph responded by moving even closer.

Randolph let his gaze pass over Augustyn's handsome face, over his muscular neck, over his bulging hair-downed pectorals to the wash boarded ripples of the young man's belly. Dark-black tendrils of hair clustered about the navel, trailed downward to the profusion of growth flourishing at the base of Augustyn's thick cock. His attention went further, following the lines of the cock from its anchorage to its bulbous tip.

"They all wanted to suck my dick," Augustyn said. "Will you suck me?"

"And you?" Randolph asked. "If I wanted you to suck me, would you?"

"I might not be good at it," Augustyn said. "But would you?"

"Yes."

"And if I wanted to fuck you?" Randolph asked.

"You mean in the ass?"

"Yes, in the ass," Randolph said, and he was aware of the shiver speeding through Augustyn's body. He didn't know if it was a sign of excitement or disgust.

"Would you let me fuck you... in the ass?" Augustyn asked.

"If you like," Randolph said, "Would you like to fuck me?"

"I'll bet you have a tight ass," Randolph said, letting his hand fondle Augustyn's sex. He wrapped the thick cockshaft with his fingers and squeezed.

"Suck it," Augustyn said. "Please suck it."

"And then I'll fuck you," Randolph said.

"Yes," Augustyn answered, falling back easily into the bed, shutting his eyes. He knew that Randolph would know what to do.

Randolph sat down on the edge of the bed, feeling the springs give beneath his weight. He let his hand glide tenderly over Augustyn's chest, pause momentarily to play the young man's nipples to a new hardness.

Randolph wasted little time in taking Augustyn's cock. The prick wasn't so large that he couldn't take it all in one hasty swallow. Randolph used his throat muscles, to clutch the bulbous cockhead and the hard shaft.

The milking of the prick by oral muscles caused a flushing of salty discharge from the cockhead. Randolph tasted the fluids.

Randolph's face buried in the stiffness of Augustyn's pubic hair, his lips ovaled tightly about the bulky lower expanse of the prick. His fingers clutched the hairy bag of nuts, pulling them upward to his lips so that his suctioning might siphon them, too, into his mouth. The limpid flesh of the sac was vacuumed up, the nuts pausing only momentarily before following suit. The two balls met within the saliva-wetted cavern, mashed against the stalk of the cockshaft to send a numbing pain through Augustyn's loins.

"Yes," Augustyn breathed his appreciation. Yes, this was how he had always dreamed it would be. Yes, this was how he had always known it would be with a real man's face buried over his crotch. Somehow it wasn't dirty with Randolph, as it might have been with those others. Randolph somehow made it right, metamorphosed profane sex into something very different.

Randolph's lips passed slowly up along the turgid shaft of the cock until just the head was held between his lips. He liked the bulbous head with his tongue, feeling the throb of blood. He rubbed on the spongy flesh with his teeth, scraping the shank of Augustyn's prick as his head fell downward again.

Randolph's throat muscles spasmed about the enlodged cylinder of blood-glutted prick, attempting desperately to milk it of every drop of the pearly slime within the bulging nuts. The massaging suction pulled at the sensitive cock, Randolph's head swaying from side to side, his blond hair gliding over Augustyn's taut belly like myriad silken whips.

It didn't take Augustyn long to get worked up to a fever pitch. He had waited too long for this moment, had dreamed of it for too long not to become hastily enfolded by the reality of it. The pleasure was horribly intense, but Augustyn somehow accepted that as only logical. He had long known that Randolph would be the one to show him a side to sensuousness that Augustyn had never known before. That the passions jettisoning through his body were far greater than Augustyn had ever known by his own hand or those of a woman was only as it should be. Augustyn had never before, after all, felt any emotional attachment to any of those who had come before Randolph. He did feel something for this man. That made the ecstasy far more intense, but it also brought with it a certain pain. The pain came from the realization that Augustyn knew that Randolph really didn't care for him. Oh, he cared, but not to the degree that Augustyn would have liked him to. That would be Augustyn's punishment for indulging in, and actually enjoying, a homosexual liaison: the loving of a young man who would not -- or could not -- love him in return. Even the pain of knowing that, however, managed to make the experience that much more vital. Augustyn had to enjoy the moment because he had no doubt but that it would be fleeting in its existence.

Augustyn let out a loud groan, his balls releasing their deluge of thick spunk.

Randolph, realizing his objective had been achieved, sucked even harder.

The additional suctioning sent Augustyn's body spiraling to dizzy heights of delight. The man's body thrashed as Randolph reluctantly surrendered the terribly sensitive cock.

Randolph moved up Augustyn's body, finding the young man's eyes still shut, Augustyn's chest heaving with its deep breathing. Randolph waited until Augustyn eventually opened his eyes. When the lids blinked, Randolph kissed Augustyn, knowing that he was leaving on the man's mouth the last vestiges of the cum just blasted.

Despite himself, Randolph had somehow expected Augustyn to be changed upon the releasing of the sperm from his nuts. He had experienced a horrible premonition of Augustyn's turning into a sudden madman, furious that he had finally allowed himself to be involved in a homosexual tact.

Surprisingly, Augustyn's reaction was quite the opposite. He wrapped his arms around Randolph's back, pulling him closely into his own body. He put his mouth to Randolph's left ear, nibbling it gently.

"Christ, I love you so much," Augustyn whispered.

Randolph heard the words and tried to dismiss them. He had heard the same thing whispered before by hundreds of people. They had meant nothing, merely part of the format for those who liked to fool themselves into believing that they would never fuck anyone unless they loved them. The words uttered by Augustyn, however, were not so easily dismissed.

Randolph silently cursed Augustyn for even saying them. Randolph suspected that Augustyn was not speaking just to hear himself talk.

Randolph was afraid that Augustyn meant what he said. Randolph did not want him to mean it. Augustyn needed to give his love to someone who would give him something in return. Randolph could not return love.

Randolph could hardly help himself so how could Augustyn expect him to help anyone else? And Randolph had no doubts that Augustyn needed help.

"It was so good," Augustyn said in a low voice, his breath warm against Randolph's ear.

Randolph found it hard to coincide this muscular teddy-bear with the sadistic monster who had bloodied one person that evening. The conflicting personalities inherent in this one superb body was somehow more than a little frightening. It seemed uncanny that someone who had bashed in a whole series of men and even one woman who, it was rumored, had accused him of being queer, could now be in bed, made euphoric by an act of homosexual sex.

"See," Randolph smiled. "It wasn't all that bad, was it?"

"It's just how I knew it would be," Augustyn replied, "with you."

Randolph didn't like the insinuation. He didn't like the responsibility that could be encased within the meaning. Randolph didn't want emotional ties. He didn't make them himself, and he didn't expect other people to make them either.

"Maybe now you'll be able to enjoy a few of those men who proposition you," Randolph said, "instead of beating up on them."

"No," Augustyn mumbled, and Randolph felt the resulting stiffness of the body beneath him.

"Don't be a fool, Augustyn," Randolph said, lifting his head so that he could clearly see Augustyn's handsome face. "You've seen yourself that there was nothing wrong with climaxing up a mouth, anymore than blowing up a cunt."

"It just wouldn't be the same with anyone else," Augustyn said. "I could never let sex be that impersonal."

"All sex can give you an orgasm," Randolph said.

Augustyn turned his eyes from Randolph, looking across the room toward one wall. There was a mirror there. He could see the reflection of their



exquisite bodies on the bed.

"It just wouldn't be the same," Augustyn said. "Sex is a personal thing.

It is to me, anyway."

"Sex is sex," Randolph persisted. "It isn't enhanced any by unnecessary emotional involvement."

"How do you know?" Augustyn asked, turning his gaze back on his companion. "You've never had an emotional involvement."

"Listen, Augustyn," Randolph said, using his fingers to gently move a lock of black hair off Augustyn's forehead. "You've taken a giant step forward this evening. Really you have. You've discovered that something you thought was abhorrent wasn't half bad."

"You're wrong," Augustyn said, his hands gliding over the warm flesh of Randolph's back. "I never once suspected that this moment would be any less enjoyable than it was."

"Then why did you beat up that kid this evening?"

"This moment," Augustyn emphasized. "Me and you. Not me and some half-man drooling at the mouth."

"That's absurd!"

"Nothing here changed anything," Augustyn said. "I'm not queer. I'm not a faggot. This thing between you and me goes beyond all that banal phraseology."

Randolph felt the frustrations welling up inside his body. He wanted to somehow be able to tell Augustyn that he was twisted in his reasoning.

Yet, Randolph knew that he would never make Augustyn understand. What Augustyn needed was professional help. Randolph could never make the young man realize the ridiculousness of his rationalizations. Augustyn needed help, but who was Randolph to tell him that? There were plenty of

people who would have thought Randolph needed the psychiatrist. Randolph wasn't any more fit to tell Augustyn to go to a shrink, than Augustyn was qualified to tell him he needed one.

"Don't worry about it," Augustyn smiled, seeing that Randolph would never understand. He wished the man could, but knew that he never would.

Augustyn could never let anyone swing on his dick as he knew Randolph was capable of allowing. Augustyn just wasn't made out of that kind of stuff.

In order to have sex with a man, it had to be with someone he really cared about. One could always screw a girl. That was accepted practice.

But to violate certain laws and enjoy the pleasures of your own sex --

that had to have rules and regulations governing it. Augustyn had formed his rules long ago when he had first felt the profane stirrings in his guts. Man had to live by rules and regulations. Without them there would be chaos. Surely anyone could see that.

"What happens if one day you kill someone?" Randolph asked. He recognized that he put the sentence in the future tense, not even daring to imagine that Augustyn might have already killed once that evening.

"They're not people," Augustyn said. "They're machines, robots that roam from cock to cock to cock. They don't want to fuck or suck because they like me as a person. They want sex with me because I represent something.

I'm a star. They want to go back to their friends and say they've had Augustyn of Augustyn and The Meat. It's disgusting."

"You might not personally think they're people," Randolph said, "but if you kill one, you'll be put in jail anyway." Randolph didn't bother mentioning that he was one of those people who had made a living of going from cock to cock to cock. He rightly assumed that Augustyn wouldn't understand. What Randolph did with other people was of no concern to Augustyn. What only concerned Augustyn was that he knew for a fact that Randolph thought

more about him than did the teen-agers who came backstage to proposition him. Which was true. Randolph did like Augustyn, had liked him from the beginning. But liking was one thing, loving was quite another. Randolph had his own rules and regulations that he had sworn not to violate. One of those was that he would never love. He had come too far to begin operating by any other rulebook. Seeing this body beneath him, he wished it could be otherwise. He somehow realized that his inability to compromise in this specific instance would forever haunt him. If only he could have met Augustyn earlier. If only Augustyn could have found him earlier. Things might have been different then. They couldn't be changed now. Certain things were already embedded too deeply in both of their characters.

"Don't be sad," Augustyn smiled.

Randolph couldn't help being said. Augustyn glanced up at him with such a knowing look. But Augustyn really knew nothing, understood not a bit. He didn't understand what was going on inside Randolph any more than he could understand the contradictory forces at play within his own body.

"I do like you," Randolph said. "Really I do."

"Then I shall have to settle for just that, won't I?" Augustyn said, and Randolph wondered if perhaps he had been mistaken. Maybe Augustyn really could see what it was all about.

"I wish it could be more, but..."

"Shhhh," Augustyn said, putting his finger to Randolph's lips to silence him. "I shall make due with loving you. That's more than a lot of people have, isn't it?"

And Randolph knew the moment had gone, that the crossroads had been met and he had chosen his pathway with no turning back. He would look back many times in the future to this particular moment, wondering how it would have been changed if he had just been able to open his mouth and say three simple words: "I love you." Would things have been so different? For him? For Augustyn? For everyone?

"Do you want to fuck me?" Augustyn asked.

"Maybe I shouldn't," Randolph said. "Fucking isn't necessary for a relationship."

"I've never been fucked before," Augustyn said. "I'd like you to do it to me. I'd like to feel your cock inside my ass, a part of me."

"It might hurt," Randolph said. "I don't want to hurt you, Augustyn. You know that, don't you?"

"I know," Augustyn answered, and Randolph wondered if he had perceived that more was meant than the physical discomfort that might occur as a result of a prick's plunging into his asshole.

"It's not necessary to prove anything," Randolph said.

"I want you inside me," Augustyn said. He did want this man's cock up his ass. He wanted to experience as much of the pleasures as he could squeeze into this one night, because something told him that there would be no other nights, no other opportunities to sample the elixir that Randolph's body offered him. He felt the emptiness this realization left in his guts, but there was nothing he could do but accept it.

Randolph worked his kneeling body between Augustyn's thighs. He looked up the boy's body.

Past the prick which was hardening again after its explosion up the mouth, past the ripples of the belly, past the swell of the pectorals on the chest. He lifted one of Augustyn's legs, hooking the bend of the knee over his shoulder. He produced a mass of saliva inside his mouth, spit it into his hand and then rubbed his cock wet with it. He used more saliva to dampen the opening of the pucker he had located in the hair-lined crevice of the firm ass. He fixed Augustyn's other leg over his other shoulder, scooting his body so that his cock was closer to the revealed asshole.

"If it hurts, tell me," Randolph said. "You will tell me?" He looked at Augustyn's startlingly handsome face. Augustyn nodded, and Randolph put

the head of his dick to the puckered asshole he leaned forward, his weight pushing Augustyn's muscular legs forward over the young man's chest and belly. He used his hand to put his cock more securely into position, and then began the actual penetration of Augustyn's virgin ass.

Although Augustyn didn't ask him to stop, Randolph knew that his initial insertion was causing pain. He immediately pulled his cock free of the asshole, which he knew was burning.

"It's all right," Augustyn said, his hand grabbing Randolph's prick and bringing it back to his ass.

"Just relax," Randolph said. "It'll be easier this time."

"I want it," Augustyn whispered.

"You will tell me if it hurts," Randolph insisted. "It's no fun for you if there's only the pain."

"Fuck me," Augustyn said.

"You will tell me?"

"Yes. Now fuck me."

Randolph shoved to again feed the head of his cock into the asshole.

Randolph knew that the second assault was more comfortable for Augustyn.

He could tell by the expression on his companion's face: one of surprise that there could be so little pain, the second time when there had been so much with the first.

Randolph remained motionless after the positioning of his cockhead past the muscles of Augustyn's asshole. When he did begin to again make movements, it was only a slight working of his hips, a slow stretching of Augustyn's ass tunnel.

"It's okay," Augustyn whispered.

Randolph gave Augustyn's ass more of the prick, watching for any indication that he might be causing too much agony. Augustyn's eyes were closed, his mouth slightly opened to reveal white teeth and a pink tongue. His features remained calm as Randolph lowered even more into him.

Randolph took his time, knowing from past experience how much pain someone could cause when fucking virgin ass. Every time he suspected that he was pushing for too speedy a penetration, he would pause or ease the pressure of his cock. Finally he succeeded. His balls fell onto the hard muscle of the ass, his belly mashing the asscheeks as his cock came to a standstill with its thick roots gummed by the anal sphincters.

"I'm in," Randolph said.

"Yes," Augustyn smiled. "I know."

Randolph waited for a few seconds for the ass channel to completely adjust to the pressure of his cock, and then he began to raise his hips away from Augustyn's asscheeks. He pulled the shaft of his prick partway from the asshole, using the same slowness and care as he had done during the insertion. Not pulling free all the way to the cockhead, he carefully shoved his inches back up the hole. Again he felt his pressing into the upturned asscheeks, again he was aware that his prick was resting as deeply as possible within the rectal channel. He again pulled up and then lowered assuming a slow and measured rhythm.

Randolph judged the tempo of his fucking by how much he thought Augustyn was becoming accustomed to the cock's movements inside him. Randolph was able to slowly increase the speed of his motions, still being cautious not to become too forceful or unrestrained.

Randolph kissed Augustyn's willing mouth, his tongue darting out to touch the velvety softness on the other side of Augustyn's pliant lips. The saliva Augustyn shared with Randolph was warm and tasted of peppermint lozenges.

Augustyn thrust his ass upward into Randolph's body, feeling his insides coming alive with Randolph's attack on him. The thrills of this were entirely

new to Augustyn. He savored them as if he might never again know them, as if his recollection of them would, have to suffice him for the rest of his life. He twisted, manipulated his buttocks around the thick hunk of cockmeat, feeling strangely at home with Randolph's prick firmly entrenched inside his ass. He found his responses to Randolph's pumpings come naturally, as if born of some inner instinct that had been forgotten until this precise awakening.

Augustyn settled back to enjoy the fuck, finding that for the first, time in his life he was able to lose himself in sex as completely as he lost himself in his music. He basked in the joy of the burgeoning cock up his asshole. He tightened his legs about Randolph's neck.

Randolph's cock ballooned to even greater dimensions inside the young man's body. He pumped with greater force, thrusting into Augustyn, feeling the pleasurable pain of his balls as they slapped regularly against the upturned butt. He yanked back his dick and then pressed it home again. The asshole took it, trembled about it. The anal lining of Augustyn's butt collapse against the onslaught of Randolph's cock.

Suddenly, Randolph pulled his upper body back, keeping his dick still firmly ensheathed in the tight ass. His own passions were beginning to grow hot. In order to prolong the fuck, he was determined to let them cool. He focused his attention on Augustyn's cock. The prick had blossomed again into a full erection, lying along the belly like a log on a rugged plain.

Randolph bowed his head toward his objective, using a hand to pick the mass up to a standing position. His own cock was still buried up Augustyn's ass as his mouth found the leaking summit of Augustyn's rock-hard cockshaft and closed about it.

Augustyn opened his eyes, his body spasming violently with the sudden dual assault upon his senses. He looked down at his crotch, seeing the end of his dick disappearing into Randolph's handsome face. A cascading of Randolph's lush blond hair fell to Augustyn's belly, blocking Augustyn's view. Augustyn groaned helplessly as more of his prick was lost up the enfolding warmth Randolph was offering it. Augustyn's body jiggled, his ass muscles fluttering in response.

Although Randolph had ceased his conscious movements of his cock up the ass, Augustyn's spasms still managed to masturbate that submerged hunk of prick even closer toward its ejaculation. Randolph hurriedly began his bobbing over Augustyn's prick, realizing that he might yet be forced to empty his own load before he could coax Augustyn's nuts free of another.

"Oh, Christ," Augustyn moaned, his hips bouncing to massage the cock inside his ass and work his own cock within Randolph's sucking mouth. He was becoming completely lost within this new world Randolph had brought him. He was becoming totally swallowed by it, drowned in the pleasures that welled about him like a sea in storm. He rode with the tempest, becoming an intimate part of it. His body thrilled with the assault on his senses. He prayed it would never end, knowing, even as he did so, that it would all be over too quickly.

Their bodies trembled with the needs that drove both on toward fulfillment. They moved as one entity, one being possessed of a desire to but swell the existing pleasure. Their passions exploded into a holocaust that was impossible to control.

Augustyn's cock huddled on the brink of eruption. The constant movement of Randolph's head over the cock had done its job. The oral caress of the cock, plus the massage of the other prick against Augustyn's prostate, had primed the man for another explosion. He forced himself to strive for control, but found he had too little experience with this type of pleasure to successfully achieve any mastering of it.

"I'm there," Augustyn squealed helplessly. "Oh, fuck, I'm there!"

Randolph buried his face one final time over Augustyn's cock, feeling the prick swell inside his mouth, temporarily hindering his breathing. Then there was the washing of the thick, gooey cum.

Augustyn's whole body twitched his climax, the spasming causing the ass muscles to strip Randolph's cock to its eruption. Even while Augustyn's nuts were emptying their scalding contents down Randolph's throat, Randolph's own testicles were letting loose their discharge, the creamy sex juices drowning raw ass canal in a sensuous bath.



The two danced out their pleasure to its conclusion. Their eyes blurred with their passion and their sweat.

"That's what it's all about," Augustyn said, watching Randolph pull his mouth away from the dick.

Randolph weakly surrendered the dick and then carefully drew his own prick free of the moist tunnel that held it. His prick brought with it a flowing of pale sexual fluids that turned damp the hairs of the asscrack.

He lay down beside Augustyn on the bed, feeling Augustyn roll to take him securely into muscular arms.

"Thank you," Augustyn whispered.

Randolph burrowed his face against Augustyn's shoulder and neck. This muscular piece of flesh beside him suddenly seemed so frighteningly gullible, so susceptible to hurt. Randolph could almost hear the scream being issued for someone to really care. Augustyn wanted love, needed love. Somewhere in his past something had happened to make Augustyn what he was today. Why was it that he so desperately needed love, he who had adoring thousands literally lying at his feet?

Randolph steeled himself against those emotions he felt taking seed inside him. He pushed them back into their compartments, locked the doors that they might shrivel and die in the resulting vacuum.

"I love you," Augustyn whispered.

Randolph felt the words rising in his throat and then suppressed them. He refused to allow himself to sink to some maudlin banalities that homosexuals loved to mouth just to hear their lies and be convinced by them. He did not love Augustyn. He would not love him. He refused to even let himself believe that he ever could love him -- him or anyone else for that matter.

Augustyn, his body exhausted by sex, passed into an easy and relaxed sleep. Even then, he kept his arms and legs tightly wrapped about Randolph's

body.

Randolph lay there for a long time, acutely aware of the male flesh that held him. He remained awake for hours, unable to sleep, although he was tired. Finally he did drift off into a state of semi-consciousness.

At eight o'clock that morning, Randolph answered the telephone. Roger told him that the boy would live and was tucked safely away in a private hospital in an attempt to keep the story from the press.

## CHAPTER SIX

Randolph was surprised when he felt Fraser's fingers opening the fly of his underpants to get to his cock. The script called for fellatio, and it appeared that Fraser had decided to take it literally. Randolph had suspected the young actor's interest in him, but he had hardly expected such interest to be expressed in a roomful of crewmen and cameramen.

"Let's try to make this look real," the director said, little knowing that Fraser had revealed naked cock underneath the sheets. "This is a very crucial point in the script, and we don't want the audience to have any doubts about what's happening. Are you ready for a take, Randolph?"

"Ready," Randolph replied, listening as Fraser gave his own muted affirmation through the sheets.

Duncan Temple stood silently on the sidelines, watching his novel being acted out before him. He was content. Randolph was the perfect Barry. He could also act. Even the director had ended up admitting that the casting had been perfect.

Somewhere in the studio a buzzer sounded for silence. The slate board was shown to the camera's eye, and the director finally called for action.

Fraser Marlow had begun what he was doing long before the call for action was given. As soon as he had pulled Randolph's cock free of its bindings, he pressed his face between the boy's thighs as his mouth strove to locate the hard, hot piece of cockmeat. However, before he actually grabbed up the prize that was swollen and awaiting his oral caress, he made the moment more delectable by delaying. He rubbed his cheeks against the inside of Randolph's thighs. He could feel the heat of the burgeoning cock and the balls as it radiated from the hair-covered crotch.

Fraser was sweating, the droplets trailing over his forehead and cheeks.

His touching turned Randolph's thighs slippery, as his eyes watched the prick's movements. His mouth found the balls, his hands reaching to cup them and feel their weight. They smelled of male and of sweat and of the mysteries hidden within them.

Fraser's wet tongue lapped at the balls, then at the hard cockbase, before trailing up the bulging shaft to the throbbing head. The tip was so close, so beautiful, so delicious-looking as it rose from the healthy thatch of the thick pubic hair. Fraser licked, groaned with the feel of the hard cock against his tongue. He took the slime-slicked head. It tasted salty. He pulled away again, using his tongue to lap every inch of Randolph's erect prick. The shaft jumped beneath Fraser's experienced tonguing. Momentarily, he left the prick to brush his mouth lightly over the flesh of Randolph's lower belly. Pubic hairs tickled his lips. He nuzzled his face against the hairy testicles, his tongue darting out to wash one nut with spit before pulling it into his ovaled mouth.

Randolph groaned.

Fraser sucked the other nut in to join the first, fondling both imprisoned gonads with his tongue. His lips were pressed tightly against the underside of Randolph's prick. He transferred the cum swollen nuts back and forth in his mouth. He let the scrotum slip between his lips, again deciding to feast upon the harder cockmeat.

Pulling the cock downward with one hand, Fraser kissed away the drop of pre-seminal fluid entrapped within the crease of the cockhead.

"Go ahead," Randolph breathed heavily. "Take it. Go ahead."

Fraser's mouth opened, fell over the flared cockhead.

"More!" Randolph begged, his hands underneath the sheet and in Fraser's hair, pushing the head downward over the straining meat.

Fraser's wet lips fell in one easy slide from the top to the bottom. He continued to blow the man's cock, his mouth moving slowly up and back, up and back, while Randolph groaned above him.

Randolph's hips humped upward, his ass wiggling as Fraser's experienced sucking brought the man closer and closer to orgasm. Randolph's thighs tightened about Fraser's ears as he began to whimper.

"I'm going to empty!" he gasped. "Oh, you're going to get it. Really get it. Oh, shit. Take it. Take it! TAKE IT!"

Randolph's cock jerked inside Fraser's mouth, suddenly emitting hot, sticky shots of opaque jism that splashed the corridor of Fraser's throat. Fraser wrapped the knotted base of the prick with his lips, the entire cockshaft spasming up his gullet.

"Cut!" the director said.

Fraser licked the man's cock clean before stuffing it back into Randolph's underpants. He reluctantly watched the huge meat, balls, and blond pubic hair disappear behind the white cotton. He pulled himself free of the sheet, smiling.

"How'd it look?" Fraser asked.

"So realistic that we'll probably never get it through the censors,"

Duncan said knowingly from the sidelines.

Fraser laughed, winked at Randolph. He was about to ask Randolph to join him for a cup of coffee, but his plans were interrupted. The girl who brought Randolph his robe nodded at the two men who had apparently been admitted to the room immediately after the shooting. Randolph got up off the bed and went to join them. Fraser, taking his own robe, went off for his coffee with Duncan, still savoring the taste of Randolph's cum on his tongue.

Randolph moved through the equipment and took Paul's hand.

"It's been a while, hasn't it?" Randolph smiled.

"You don't look any different," Paul smiled. "I hear you're making the cover of Before Dawn."

"Harley shot the poses last month," Randolph said. "He was upset that Augustyn had postponed his session for his latest layout."

"The kid is kept pretty busy nowadays," Paul said. "I think we've got Harley on the calendar for sometime next week."

"Harley will be happy to hear that," Randolph said. "He's really a bit worried about making his deadline."

"Do you know Harry Taxim?" Paul asked.

"No, I don't believe I do," Randolph said, turning to the man with Paul and shaking his hand.

"Is there somewhere we can talk?" Paul asked. Randolph looked at his watch, noticing that there was plenty of time, and led the two men to his dressing room in the back of the sound stage.

"Can I get you a drink?" Randolph asked. "A Scotch for me," Paul said.

"Harry?"

"Scotch is fine."

Randolph poured three, gave his guests theirs and then sat down.

"Harry is a lawyer, Randolph," Paul said. "Oh?" Randolph replied curiously.

"Augustyn wants us to make you an offer for your share of stock in the corporation."

"I see," Randolph said.

"He misses you, you know," Paul said. "You could at least drop by now and again. Even Roger says he sees very little of you anymore."

"I have good intentions," Randolph replied. While his relationship with Roger had gradually cooled, he knew he was keeping away from the studio

for reasons he couldn't really adequately explain to himself, let alone to Paul.

"Do try to see him," Paul said. "Roger and I were never quite able to get as close to Augustyn as you were."

How fortunate for you and Roger, Randolph thought.

"Right now it's pretty hectic with the filming," Randolph said.

"I hear you're the next male star on the horizon," Paul smiled.

"Don't believe everything you hear," Randolph answered, taking a large swallow from the liquor in his glass.

There was a moment of uneasy silence.

"So, Augustyn wants to buy me out," Randolph sighed finally.

"He's prepared to give you more than their present value," Paul said.

"That is, if you'll sell them."

"Why not?" Randolph shrugged. He saw it as the ideal thing to do. It would be the cutting of the last string that held him to Augustyn. Is that what Augustyn was saying? Here's your chance to get away completely.

The lawyer dug into his briefcase, coming out with several documents he spread out on the table in front of them. Randolph glanced over the paperwork before signing it. He then took the certified check, whistled at the generous figure on the amount line. The lawyer tucked the papers back in his case and excused himself.

"How very efficient," Randolph said, turning back to Paul, who still sat in the room. He went to the dressing table and laid the check down on it, marveling at how quickly the final thread had been snipped.

"I suppose you wouldn't like to talk about what happened between you and Augustyn?" Paul asked.

"I worry about him, Randolph. He's more moody since you abruptly pulled out of his life."

"I'm sorry," Randolph said. "I always liked Augustyn."

"But not sorry enough to go see him?"

"It's the schedules," Randolph shrugged, knowing that was a lie. "I never seem to be able to get away when he's free."

Paul finished his drink and stood up. He walked to the door.

"Take care, Randolph," he said. "And we do all miss you."

"Surprisingly enough, I miss all of you, too," Randolph said, fingering the lip of his glass.

"But not quite enough to make the necessary effort?"

"What's that old bit about never being able to go home again?" Randolph said. "There's too much that's happened to go back, Paul. I'm not sure I even know for sure why I decided that the break had to be made. But it had to be made. Even Augustyn has apparently seen that."

"You think that's why he bought you out? To make the break a complete one?"

"You don't?"

"I don't know for sure," Paul said truthfully. "I somehow think the break is the last thing Augustyn actually wants."

"Tell him hello for me, will you, Paul?" Randolph said, suddenly anxious to be alone. He had successfully managed to turn off his feelings toward Augustyn up until now. He had no intentions of resurrecting those dead corpses at this late date.

"I will," Paul said, opening the door that led from the room.



Randolph watched the door shut. He went back to the bottle and poured himself a Scotch -- a large one.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Randolph was wrong! It was not the same. Augustyn was a fool to have suspected that it might ever be the same. Augustyn let Harley continue only because his thoughts were lost in the comparison. Augustyn wondered how many of the attractive young men who had come into this room had been subjected to these advances. Augustyn couldn't help imagining Randolph, stripped naked in this room, letting his body be touched by Harley's exploring hands. Harley had blown up several of the shots he had taken of Randolph from the original nude layouts in Before Dawn. They were fastened in a prominent position on the walls with several other poster-sized photos of other hunky males in attendance.

Harley finally succeeded in undoing Augustyn's fly, fished out the prick and put its head to his lips.

Augustyn watched, surprisingly detached. He wondered why he didn't just immediately stop this farce. He glanced back to Randolph's likeness staring down at him from the walls. Augustyn shut his eyes, tried to bring back the way he had felt when Randolph had first pulled the cock near and put his lips to the head of the tubing.

Harley used his tongue on the cock's corona, smug in his success. He had always known that sooner or later he would win. He had never been fooled, had always known that Augustyn could be brought around. No man, not even one who professed to be the butchest around, was really adverse to getting his cock sucked. Harley had known many married straights who had let him service them because their wives were too uptight to blow cock or the men were too uptight to ask them. Augustyn was no different. Look how passively he stood there, his cock and balls pulled out through the gape of his opened fly. However, Harley was aware of the power within that body. His sense of it made him tremble slightly as he continued.

Harley decided that he wanted to see more of Augustyn's naked flesh. Had he known it was going to be this easy, Harley would have waited until he

had Augustyn stripped for the pose. But Harley hadn't known that it was going to be this easy. He had just suddenly felt the moment right and had seized it. Harley had always prided himself on being able to recognize the moment a potential trick was ripe for the attack. His intuition had really proved right this day. Here he was, getting ready to swing on the one dick that had been rumored unavailable to the gay population. Well, Harley would certainly have tales to tell. Roger could go ahead and spread all the Goddamned rumors he wanted about Augustyn's violent reaction to male sex. Harley now knew better and admitted that he was a bit disappointed.

Harley's experienced fingers found Augustyn's belt buckle. He unfastened the snaps, heard the metallic click as the bindings parted. Harley fed the leather through the buckle, his mouth still occupying Augustyn's prick. Once the belt was undone, Harley began on the top button of the trousers. Once he had succeeded in undoing that, the two flaps of the pants yawned open, folding away from the cock and the balls that jutted through the slit of Augustyn's underwear.

Augustyn wondered how Randolph did it, how he could bare his cock for just anybody. Augustyn had thought about that one particular facet of Randolph's character a lot since the man had decided to take his leave from the music environment. Augustyn thought about Randolph a lot, as a matter of fact. I thought he understood why Randolph had suddenly quit coming to the studio, quit coming to the concerts, quit coming to the promotional parties and the cocktail affairs. Randolph had never made it a secret that he did not want any emotional involvement. Augustyn could be flattered that Randolph so much feared that involvement in this particular instance that he had broken off all relationship. Augustyn could be flattered, but that did not help the inner churnings of his guts. Randolph had given something Augustyn had been searching for his whole life. Randolph had allowed Augustyn a sampling and had then pulled it all away. Augustyn hadn't realized when he trembled with Randolph into the void that he would so miss the ecstasy after it was taken from him.

"Sex is sex is sex." That's what Randolph had cynically told Augustyn.

Augustyn couldn't understand how that could be so. Augustyn found it ludicrous to even pretend that this attractive man on his knees before him

could conjure even half the pleasures that Randolph had been able to call forth.

Harley's fingers hooked in Augustyn's shorts, taking hold of both the underwear and the trousers as his hands pulled them down around Augustyn's thighs. Harley saw the whole pubic area unveiled, looked down the arching of the prick to its thick anchorage in a nest of twisting black pubic hairs. How beautiful the throbbing cockshaft, the bulbous balls, the ripples of the muscular belly, the hard flesh of the masculine thighs. It made no difference that Augustyn wore a penis-extender for all of his performances in order to grossly exaggerate what Harley now saw.

The fans demanded things like that; those in the back rows were anxious to come home with reports that they had seen Augustyn's basket even from their positions in the auditorium. Even without the additional inches, Augustyn's cock was made for eating.

Augustyn opened his eyes again, focusing them on the pictures of Randolph hanging on the walls across from him.

All sex can give you the desired orgasm, Augustyn thought he could hear Randolph muttering. As if to give credence to that subconscious echoing of his words, Randolph's pictures smiled down knowingly on the scene before them.

In a way, Augustyn envied Randolph the ease with which the man could take his sex. How convenient it must be to pull down your pants every time you had a hard-on and wait for an eager mouth to suck on it. How much easier that would be than going through the ridiculous court of some female.

Just yank out your cock and blast it up any old mouth or ass. Release the tensions of the body instead of letting them build up inside of you.

Augustyn shut his eyes again. He didn't want to see Randolph. Rather, he wanted to see Randolph but not as a one-dimensional form hanging on the wall. Augustyn wanted the whole man before him, wanted again the luxury of feeling that wondrous male flesh, of touching that hard male cock, of

having a piece of Randolph buried up his ass. Augustyn wondered if Randolph had known just how desperately Augustyn needed him. Perhaps it was the realization of the degree of desperation which had caused Randolph to decide to get away. How quickly he had managed his escape.

How fast he had seized at the opportunity to break all his ties by taking up Augustyn's offer to buy his share of the existing corporation.

Augustyn's body shivered with the feel of Harley's mouth diving to take more of him. He knew that he was letting Harley take liberties he had allowed no other homosexual. Augustyn still refused to consider Randolph a homosexual.

Randolph was something else. Randolph was someone who would service or be serviced by men, but would not necessarily enjoy it. He used them to get what he wanted. He hadn't used Augustyn however. He had loved Augustyn in his own way, of that Augustyn was certain. But, unfortunately, Randolph's way was not enough. Augustyn needed more. Was Harley giving him more?

Hell no!

"Suck it!" Augustyn commanded. Yes, suck it. Have a good time, because Harley's good time was going to have a price on it that Augustyn doubted the photographer would ever have paid had he known what it was.

Sure, I'll suck it, Harley thought as he dove over the mouthful of Augustyn's cockflesh. And when I'm done, you're going to know you've been sucked. I don't care how many times you've loosened your wad in the post, you're going to remember this suck for the rest of your life.

Harley could tell that Augustyn had been blown before. It was something about the way the man's hands buried in Harley's hair and commanded the movement of the face over the hard dick. There was something about the way Augustyn's hips weaved back and forth to achieve a satisfactory rhythm for the mouth-fuck.

Augustyn knew why he was here, allowing this degradation of his body. It was one more attempt for him to seek adjustment. After Randolph had left, it had been a long time before Augustyn felt the return of those profane desires inside his body. That session with Randolph had left Augustyn completely drained. For the first time in ever so long, Augustyn had felt free, released of some horrible burden. He had hoped that burden was gone forever. It hadn't. It came back, and then there was no longer a Randolph around to help him. Randolph had retired back into the safety of his own little world, again indulging in meaningless sex as he climbed upward into another existence. Randolph was the new star of a movie that was rumored to be remaking movie history. His face was already appearing with some regularity in the movie magazines that Augustyn and The Meat still managed to dominate as far as the printed word and the photographic page.

Randolph had apparently been successful in crawling into his cocoon. He might not be happy there, but he was at least existing. Randolph had found a formula for his existence. Augustyn was looking for the formula to his own. He somehow doubted that he would find it before it was too late.

Harley's hand fisted the prick, his mouth pulling back again so that his tongue was able to lather the heart-shaped cockhead. The whole massive penile structure pulsed as Harley squeezed the shaft to feel its resistance to the pressure he exerted on it. The force of Harley's fingers managed to flush a deluge of clear fluids from between the lips of the pouting meatus. Harley was quick to lick it up, his rolled tongue probing the slash of the divided bulbous tip.

Harley's teeth held lightly to the shank of the pecker, his tongue continuing its flagellation of the pole. He opened his mouth wider as a thrusting of Augustyn's hips persuaded the hungry mouth to accept more of the cockshaft. Harley gladly took the hard offering, lowering his head into Augustyn's crotch, losing the hard dick up the hot dampness of his mouth.

Augustyn heaved his hips back and forth, feeding and then retrieving his sexual sword from the scabbard. He grit his teeth, cursing himself because the existing pleasures seemed as somehow empty as he always knew they would be. This was why he had beaten up all those men who had ever propositioned him. They had had nothing to offer him -- nothing that he

needed anyway. Their hungry mouths, lapping tongues, compressing throats gave no satisfaction. Their, wretched noises made at their feasting were only sufficient to turn Augustyn's stomach.

Harley reared back, allowing all but the cockhead to escape him. He sucked slowly, watching the resubmergence of the cockshaft into his throat. He put his hands to Augustyn's ass, clamping hard into the globes of the muscular flesh. He probed for Augustyn's asshole with one finger, found it and immediately drove deeply into it just as Augustyn's hips were on the backward swing. Harley felt the anal lining protest against the intruder. Harley's excitement was increased by the tightness that clutched his finger. He couldn't help wondering if there had ever been a male cock rammed up that dark, hot pit. Such fantasizing thrilled Harley.

His own cock had gone rock-hard within his pants.

Harley pulled one hand free of Augustyn's butt. He searched out his own groin, lowering his zipper and pulling his straining cockmeat free. He wrapped his dick, beginning to beat his own meat as his mouth continued its masturbating of Augustyn's dick.

Harley's mouth about the penis was hot and wet. His expert lips moved caressingly back and forth over the length of the prick's shaft. The resulting friction caused the captive cock to swell even larger. Harley's jaws stretched wider to accommodate the expanded girth.

Augustyn's hips increased their fucking motion, continued to work the cock further and further into the mouth with each subsequent sliding. The prick was washed with the warm spit until the saliva became seeped with the taste of the male sex.

Harley swallowed, his throat muscles spasming about their treasure. His fingers, on his own dick, could feel the hardness of the fleshy pole. He knew his nuts were climbing for explosion, knew that they were priming for their ejaculation.

Augustyn opened his eyes, looking down on the head that was bobbing over the dick. He became suddenly ill, disgusted that he had ever allowed this

perversity to get this far, angry that Harley had so willingly been part of the mockery. Augustyn tightened his fingers in Harley's scalp, attempting to stop all motion of that man's head over the dick.

Simultaneously, Augustyn felt all previous desire dissolve, his cock quickly losing its tautness to begin a return to softness.

Harley felt the change of the cock inside his mouth. Once the meat had been bone-hard, and suddenly it wasn't even in erection. Harley couldn't understand it, couldn't comprehend why Augustyn's fingers were insistent that he cease his ministrations. Augustyn hadn't yet ejaculated. Harley wouldn't have mistaken the flooding of the hot cum he was sure this stud had stored in his nuts. There was, therefore, no reason why the young man should be going soft. Harley desperately tried to revive the shrinking meat, using all of his expertise in an attempt to rekindle the dying flame.

"No!" Augustyn said loudly. He used his firm hold on Harley's head to pull the man's mouth completely free of the now flaccid dick. The movement allowed Augustyn's once-hard cock to drop unhindered before his naked thighs.

Harley looked questioningly up at Augustyn, unable to perceive what was actually happening. The movements of his own hand on his own cock ceased.

The two men's eyes became locked in each other's gaze -- the snake hypnotizing its victim.

Augustyn knew what he must do, knew it would someday come to this. He would only be fooling himself if he denied that he hadn't expected this moment. In a way, he had even prepared for it, protecting the only person he really cared for from the disaster resulting from what he must do. It didn't matter to Augustyn what happened to Roger or to Paul. Roger still would have more than enough money to cover his losses resulting from the collapse of the cult he had built up around Augustyn and The Meat. Paul?

Augustyn had no sympathy for Paul. All that Paul had ever done had been to carve himself another place in the sun. He hadn't cared about Augustyn.

The only one who had cared for Augustyn had been Randolph.

Randolph had cared so much that he had had to flee to safety within his own protective shield. Augustyn could have gone after him, might have even knocked down the blocking barrier. He hadn't chanced it. He had no desire to destroy Randolph's world. He loved Randolph too much. It was better that Augustyn's existence become shattered. Augustyn had protected Randolph from the shattering. He had given him the cash to go on with his own life with no other master than himself. No matter now what happened to Augustyn, Randolph's share of the corporation had been converted into dollars.

Augustyn kept his gaze on Harley, somehow sensing that Harley actually knew what was coming and would not make any move to stop it. It seemed almost as if Harley wanted Augustyn to hit him, was waiting with both horror and anticipation for the moment Augustyn's hard fist collided with his flesh. Augustyn felt the bitter bile rising into his throat.

"Augustyn?" Harley asked. His throat was dry, his body tingling with the knowledge that he would still know a climax beneath the hands of this handsome stud.

Augustyn calmly put one ham like hand on Harley's throat, pushing his thumb into the pit at the base of the neck. Using his other hand, doubled into a tight fist, Augustyn hit Harley hard across the face. He heard the resulting crunch of Harley's nose as it collapsed between the man's eyes.

Driven by forces he couldn't explain, Augustyn hit Harley again, all the while aware that Randolph's naked body was watching voyeuristically from the walls.

Harley's hard cock exploded a jettisoning of thick pearly spunk. Augustyn didn't even notice.

THE END